HOME STUDY—By PRESIDENT HARPER

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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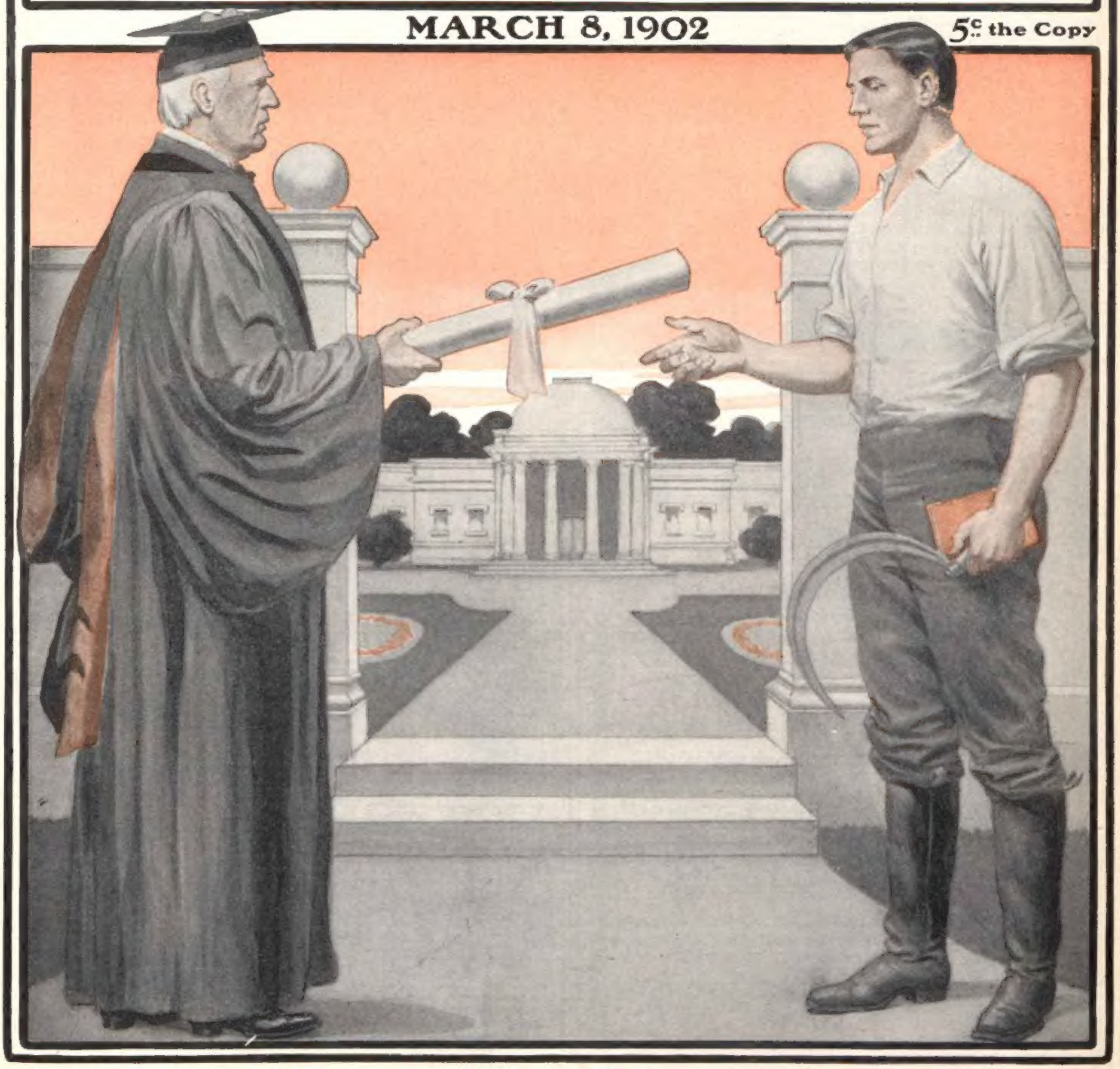

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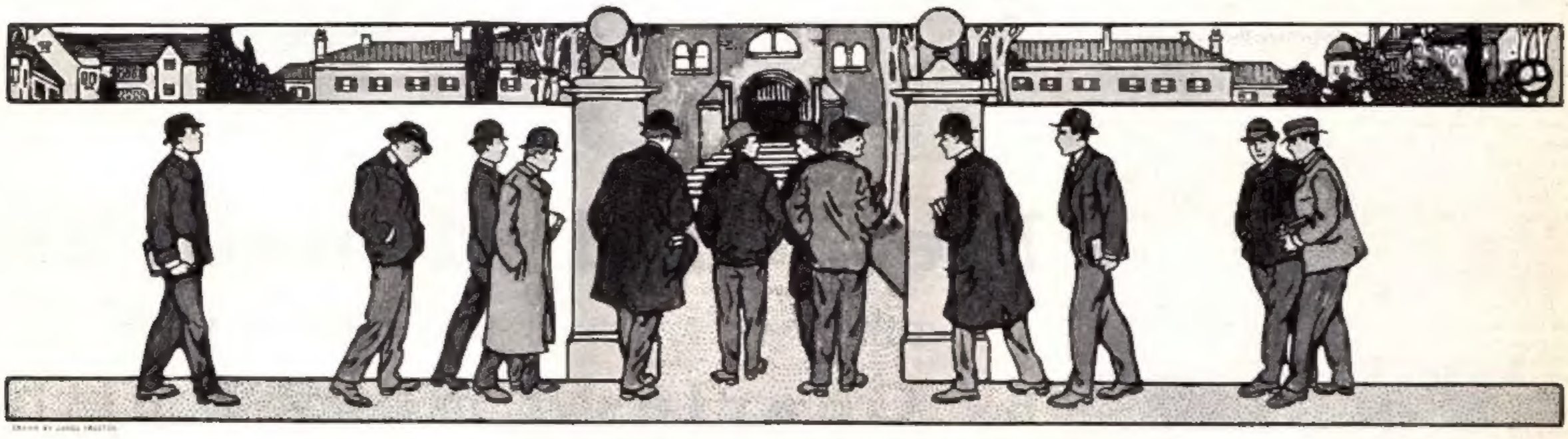
The Home College Course



Home Study—By William R. Harper

President of the University of Chicago

Dr. William R. Harper

THE subject of reading or studying at home, as distinguished from the work done in connection with a school or institution of learning, is coming to assume a larger importance. The stimulating effect of the many schools and the greater and more numerous opportunities for successful work lead young men and young women, whether they have had large or meagre educational privileges, to consider what is possible along lines of educational work for those who may not take up direct and definite work in a school.

Is it feasible? The first question which one asks himself, and surely the first question to be answered, is this: Can a man or woman advance himself educationally through the intellectual work which he may do at home? It would be a sorry thing for humanity at large if this question were to be answered in the negative. If one stops to think for only a moment, he will at once recognize the fact that if there is to be any kind of intellectual advancement in the case of the great majority of the individuals making up any particular community, it can be gained only in this way. It is only one person in ten who can, at any given point of time, enjoy the privileges of membership in a school or an institution of learning. Are we to suppose that the remaining nine persons are standing still? Surely not. It is probable that, if we were able to get at all the facts, a large number would be found to be standing still, or moving backward; but it would be impossible to suppose that this number constituted even the majority in an ordinarily intelligent community. The very fact that the world is making rapid progress, although so few, comparatively, are engaged in the work of the schools, is ample evidence that outside of scholastic walls intellectual work of a high order is being done, and that the number of those doing such work is not small.

Home Study Practicable for All

But more than this, one has only to open his eyes to see on every side evidence that home reading and home study are being carried on with excellent results. The University Extension courses, the Correspondence Schools, the Chautauqua Circles, the Reading Clubs, not to speak of many other agencies, furnish conclusive proof of the prevalence of such work and of its feasibility. To deny the feasibility of accomplishing large results by effort made at home is to deny that the human mind is capable of doing work except when under the direct stimulus of some external force. Is it not true, however, that the stimulus from an internal force is even more potent than that of an external force? This internal stimulus is no less a thing than the determination of the human soul to rise above its ordinary environment, and to enjoy that higher spiritual life which is possible for all who have the ambition to secure it.

Is it desirable? This question hardly deserves to be asked, much less to be answered, and yet—a word in passing. Is knowledge desirable? Is better control of one's mental faculties desirable? Is it not true, however, that knowledge and mental discipline have been growing in these last years with too great rapidity? Is it not true that the struggle of life is becoming more and more intense, and this largely for the reason that competition is becoming greater and greater? Is it not true, moreover, that the difficulty of finding men and women who are satisfied to perform the menial services of life grows with every generation of civilization? Is it wise, therefore, to encourage that ambition which leads to dissatisfaction and discontent? Is it really desirable that the great mass of our humankind shall lift itself intellectually at the price of discomfort and unhappiness? My answer to these questions is threefold:

Self-Improvement a Universal Duty

(1) Whatever may be said of other countries, the time has not yet come in the United States of America to call a halt in educational work of any grade.

(2) It may well be doubted whether the common people of any country in the world are to-day as strongly intelligent as the American people; and this has come from education in school and at home.

(3) It is the highest duty of every human being to cultivate the faculties given him by Nature, and no greater sin can be committed than that of failing to obtain the highest degree of cultivation possible under all the circumstances.

If these things are true, it must also be true that nothing under heaven is more desirable than this same intellectual work, to be performed at home if not at school; to be performed of necessity at home by at least ninety per cent. of those who are engaged in this same struggle for life.

It is necessary. But we may go even a step further and declare that such work is necessary. This necessity is in the very constitution of the human soul; for that man is not truly human who does not wish to grow, and who does not make every effort in his power to secure such growth. Reading and study at home are necessary in order that reading and study in school may be possible. Without the former the latter would soon be given up. If reading and study were to be limited in each individual life to that which could be done in school, man would soon fall back into barbarism. School life, however short and insufficient it may have been, finds its highest motive and highest efficiency in the fact that it has prepared the individual and inspired him to continue reading and study out of school—that is, at home.

Such work is necessary because during the years of early manhood and middle age, not to speak of old age, it is the home work alone which is possible. The world outside of school divides itself into two classes: those who read and study at home, thus continuing to rise higher and higher, not only in the intellectual sphere of life, but as well in the more practical spheres; and those who do not read and study at home, and for this reason sink lower and lower in the grade of human life, dragging with them all with whom they may come in contact. If there is any single necessity in life more vital than any other, it is the necessity for pressing forward intellectually from year to year as one grows older; and this necessity is all the greater if for any reason one in early life has been deprived of ordinary school privileges. When it is remembered that men and women who were denied in early youth the ordinary privileges of education have attained the highest places of influence in almost every line of life's activity, it ought to be felt by every American youth that, however handicapped he may be to-day because of lack of education, there is no reason why, before to-morrow has come, or the next year, he shall not have made some progress in the effort to make up for past deficiencies.

For whom? For whom is such work feasible and possible, not to say necessary? My answer to this question comes from an experience of over twenty years in dealing directly with men and women engaged in home reading and home study. It would be impossible to classify, with any degree of system, those who have been or can be benefited. It is a universal possibility, a universal privilege, as well as a universal duty. One must not suppose that such work is undertaken only by those who are thus endeavoring to supply the deficiencies of early education, for it will be remembered that the great intellectual work of the world is being done by those who are reading and studying at home. The privilege and the duty of such work rest, perhaps, even more strongly upon the man who has obtained from schools and institutions of higher learning all that they can furnish, and who, on this foundation, seeks to build something still stronger and larger than has yet taken form.

But it is, perhaps, a more practical thing to think of those who have not been so fortunate as having in this way an opportunity to do what the school might have done for them. Here again we find ourselves thinking of two classes—those who engage in home reading and study for the sake of personal improvement and mental culture—a most worthy motive; and those who do this work in order that they may be able to earn a larger salary, and consequently live a more comfortable life. What man or woman does not find himself in one or the other of these classes? Home reading and study is something, therefore, which ought to engage the thought and consideration of every human being. The fact that every man or woman is not engaged in home reading and home study is to be explained on the ground that no system has yet been suggested applicable to all or capable of arousing in all the necessary interest and ambition.

Perseverance the Price that One Must Pay

What does it involve? First of all, a steadfast purpose. One who has a mind so fickle that it may not be held to the consideration of a particular subject cannot hope to accomplish much. The sources of discouragement will prove to be many. Matters of even small importance will be found distracting. To hold one's self to a line of work month after month is in itself an indication of strong intellectual ability. One must not be disappointed if failure comes again and again, but the very fact of failure points only too clearly to the need of such work, and, this fact being appreciated, steadfastness of purpose will come to be more and more easily cultivated.

Then, a certain amount of time must be set aside. It is not so much a question of the length of time. Many deceive themselves in supposing that long hours are necessary for mental improvement and intellectual progress. It is true

that, everything else being equal, the more time one can devote to the study of a given subject the greater will be the results; but, after all, it is not so much the length of time devoted as the regularity with which the work is followed up. Here, too, something depends upon the mental constitution of the individual. For one person, reading or study for thirty minutes a day through a long number of days without interruption will accomplish more than the same total number of minutes given once a week through the same period of time. Another individual will do better to take up the subject once a week, and in three hours of consecutive work will accomplish more than in six days of thirty minutes each day. But, after a study of one's self in order to determine how one's mind works to best advantage, the main thing will be regularity. The longest time within which a unit for study should be fixed is a week. Unless something can be done at least each week, the result at the end of the year will be hardly perceptible.

The Importance of Definitely Outlined Work

Much depends upon having a definite plan of work—that is, a clearly outlined schedule—the adoption of which will lead one to do the work which bears upon the subject under consideration, and also prevent him from doing work that has no direct connection with the subject. It is at this point that home work is too frequently unsuccessful. One fails to mark out with sufficient rigor the limits of his work and the thing to be accomplished, and the result is in many cases that he wanders from one field to another until at last he loses himself and gives up the effort. A systematic arrangement of one's work so that every minute counts, and every page of reading brings one closer to the end sought—this, and this only, will prove to be satisfactory.

But, now, not many men or women find it easy to mark out for themselves such a definite plan. It is scarcely reasonable to expect of them the ability to do such a thing. The real truth is that they find it difficult enough to follow such a plan when once it has been marked out. It is necessary therefore that one should have good guidance. This guide, whatever form the agency may take, will naturally be one who has gone over the ground before; who knows what to suggest and what should not be suggested. He is one who has considered every step from the point of view of the whole journey. If it is a question of what to read, the guide will be able to save one's time and energy by pointing out the books that should not be read as well as the books that should be read; and, if we could only realize that not more than one of ten books which we may read is really on the whole helpful, we may conclude that the chief work of the guide is to tell us what not to do, in order that thereby our time and strength may be conserved. Money paid for guidance, if it is good guidance, is most economically spent. One's experience need not be very extended to satisfy himself on this point.

The Splendid Results to be Secured

Suitable helps, in any work involving reading or study, are essential. It is here that good guidance plays so important a part. A book is not a good book and is not worth reading unless it is worthy of being read two or three or more times. Such a book, if possible, should be purchased, for one cannot read a book twice or oftener without obtaining a feeling of proprietorship which should not be violated. In these days of many books the greatest care should be exercised. It is not the book which entertains, or the newest book upon a subject, that should be chosen. It is often the book which has stood the test of time, and which must be read more than once to be understood, that will prove to be the most suitable help.

What will such work secure? First of all, peace of mind, for the mind cannot be calm and at rest which does not have something on which to feed. A sense of satisfaction will pervade the mind because the mind is occupied. The consciousness of new acquisition will steady and strengthen the intellectual faculties, and the individual who thus performs regularly this bit of work, in whatever grade of intellectual progress he may find himself, will begin to feel a self-respect to which before he was a stranger.

This peace of mind will not indicate stagnation, nor will it be inconsistent with that desire to grow, that higher aspiration, which comes with intellectual work. The higher aspiration, when it is legitimate, is only a desire to be what God intended one to be. This means the struggle to bring one's self into harmony with the laws of the Creator, and all struggle to this end is peaceful. Such aspiration is true ambition, without which man again becomes a beast.

Reasons Why Home Study is Worth While

With regular and systematic plans for self-improvement fairly well carried out one's horizon broadens. He begins to see things from a larger and a broader point of view. What before were mountains now seem to be only hills. Difficulties that seemed insurmountable may still remain difficulties, but they may now, perhaps, be overcome. A new light comes in from a thousand sources, and what once seemed bright is now far brighter, while that which once was dark now appears even to be bright. This matter of horizon in thought is almost everything. The greatest events may seem insignificant, the greatest thoughts of no import whatever, to the man of narrow vision; and more than this, things take on a perverted form, and that which is straight seems crooked to the man who is not large enough either by nature or by cultivation to see things as they are.

Home reading and home study will bring a larger supply of better bread and butter. I may be wrong in placing this last, if by so doing I mean to make it least important among the things to secure by the cultivation of one's intellect. On the other hand, I am wrong if by so doing I mean to make it the highest of the things thus secured. But it matters not whether we place the utilitarian motive first or last. In the case of a great majority of humankind it is the most important. It is the man of mind, the man who has a head to do this or that thing, who can command to-day the best vantage-ground in the struggle of life. Let us neither magnify the bread-and-butter point of view, nor minimize it. Let us rather take it for what it is worth. But we may not fail to see that it is the men who can control their minds and thereby can control the minds of others that occupy to-day the high places.

How go about it? This is, after all, the most difficult thing in connection with the whole purpose. The process includes three steps:

(1) That of determining with all the strength of mind and body that one possesses to do the thing proposed, to undertake a course of study or reading at home. Such a determination ought not to be reached without full consideration of all that is involved, the sacrifices which it will entail, the deprivations which may be necessary, the exercise of will power which is demanded.

(2) The selection of a definite field within which such work shall be undertaken. The world of study and of reading is a large world. Indeed, there may be said to be many such worlds. That one should be selected in which, so far as it may be known, one's interest can be most easily and successfully aroused. In other words, that line of work which upon the whole seems to be the easiest, that subject which appeals most strongly to one's sympathy, should furnish the basis of selection. However advantageous work in distasteful subjects may be found to be in school life, there is no place for such work in home reading or home study.

(3) The third step is the selection of a guide. Be certain that the agency to which you commit yourself for guidance is one well established and of good reputation. One should be certain, for a mistake at this point is the worst possible economy. There are many guides who are false guides; many who are fraudulent. One should be sure of his guide before he trusts himself implicitly. There are many agencies which, as time has clearly shown, have greatly benefited those who have accepted them. These are well known and do not need to be named. If one is in doubt it is easy enough to secure advice; but the greatest care should be exercised not to enter upon the wrong path or to follow the wrong guide.

Perhaps these suggestions, based upon a large experience in this kind of work, will be found helpful to some whose desire it is to continue *growing* even to the last day of life.

Editor's Note—This is the first article in this series. The next paper, by Professor Arlo Bates, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to appear in a fortnight, will introduce the course in English Literature.

In the English course the following subjects will be discussed: Spoken English, Written English, The Novel, Essay and Criticism, Poetry and Drama.

The editors will cheerfully answer all letters of inquiry on subjects pertaining to these courses.

Men and Measures

THE WEEK AT WASHINGTON

By Charles Emory Smith

Former Postmaster-General

THE struggle at Washington over Cuban relief and reciprocity presents the first large issue of President Roosevelt's Administration. It brings the first serious test of its capacity of leadership and its power to impress itself on Congress and the country. If it embraced nothing more it would be a matter of deep political and dramatic interest.

But it goes beyond this personal and spectacular side and involves much more. On the one hand, it touches the very heart and essence of the great national policy which has inspired and guided our country through the momentous events and developments of the last four years. On the other hand, it concerns the security and welfare of great productive and trade interests, both in the United States and Cuba, and their relation to our future.

It is evident that a problem with such factors is one of the highest rank. The first duty is to gain a correct understanding of its elements and of its opposing forces; and this is to be attained not by any narrow partisanship, not by any dwarfed vision, not by any hasty condemnations or precipitate espousals, but by a fair review of the various considerations which must enter into the final judgment.

President Roosevelt in his annual message said that "in the case of Cuba there are weighty reasons of morality and of national interest why the policy of reciprocity should be held to have a peculiar application," and he earnestly urged "a substantial reduction in the tariff duties on Cuban imports into the United States." He summed up the reason in a single sentence: "Cuba has in her Constitution affirmed what we desired, that she should stand in international matters in closer and more friendly relations with us than with any other Power, and we are bound by every consideration of honor and expediency to pass commercial measures in the interest of her material well-being."

Cuba's Dependence on Her Exports of Sugar

Why is a "substantial reduction in the tariff duties on Cuban imports" essential to her "material well-being?" Because her chief product is sugar; because she is wholly dependent on the American market, and because at present prices she cannot pay the full duty and compete either with our domestic beet sugar or imported German beet sugar. The cost of producing raw sugar in Cuba ready for shipment is about 2 cents a pound. The duty is $1.68 a hundred, and the freight and commissions about 35 cents. Thus the cost of delivering Cuban raw sugar at New York is a trifle over 4 cents a pound. Add the figure for refining and distributing and the total cost runs up to 5 cents.

But the average price of refined sugar in the American market during the past year was 5.05 cents, and the average cost of producing American beet sugar, according to the evidence, just above 4 cents. So the American producer has a margin of one cent a pound and the Cuban producer no margin at all. He cannot sell to Europe both because Europe's tariffs and bounty-paid sugar stand in the way, and because we have restricted his trade relations. He cannot sell to us unless he sells without profit. His industry is thus paralyzed. With peace, order and the American rejuvenation Cuba ought to leap into prosperity. With this impediment she halts and trembles on the edge of disaster.

If a reduction of 25 per cent. were made in the duty on Cuban sugar it would give the Cuban producer a margin of 42 cents a hundred; if the reduction were 33⅓ per cent. the margin would be 56 cents, and if 50 per cent. it would be 84 cents. A concession within these figures is what the President seeks. He holds that it is the obligation of honor and expediency because we required Cuba to accept the conditions of the Platt amendment. We imposed terms and we should concede favors. But the President does not propose to make this concession without securing a substantial return. In exchange for a reduced sugar duty he would insist that Cuba must make a discriminating tariff in favor of American products that would give us a trade of millions of dollars a year. This is Cuban reciprocity. The President holds that it is the mandate of honor. Why is it not also the dictate of wisdom?

Objections to Reducing the Sugar Duty

Before answering that question the objections to reducing the sugar duty should be considered. They emanate from the cane sugar producers of Louisiana and the beet sugar producers of the West. The former produce the larger quantity, but the latter extend over the wider range of territory and constitute the more potential political force. They reach into Michigan, Nebraska, Minnesota and California, and affect Iowa and Wisconsin, and with their hold on the Congressional delegations of these important States they make an influence that is not to be overlooked.

It is said on their behalf that the beet sugar industry was established under the practical pledge of continued protection; that the reduction of the duty on Cuban sugar would be a disregard of that assurance; that it would be the entering wedge of a more serious attack on their industry and would frighten capital away from it; and that if left unmenaced the beet sugar culture will advance until in time the great consumption of the United States will be chiefly supplied from its own soil. It is also claimed that we are under no further obligations to Cuba; that in giving her independence, peace and a substantial renovation we have discharged the full measure of our duty; and that with her natural advantages she can now be left to work out her own salvation.

To these representations the advocates of Cuban reciprocity have a ready answer. They say, first of all, that a reduction of the duty on Cuban sugar will not injure American beet sugar, because the market price will not be lowered. The annual sugar consumption of the United States is about 2,500,000 tons. Put all the Cuban and all the domestic production together, including that of Hawaii and all our other dependencies, and we should still have to buy 1,000,000 tons from Europe. That fixes the price. The beet sugar producer of Michigan and Nebraska would get just as much and be as well off as he is now.

The friends of special terms with Cuba answer, in the second place, that the hope of a great development of beet sugar culture is probably illusive. Its growth thus far has not justified promise or expectation. In the ten years from 1890 to 1900 the annual production increased only from 28,000 tons to 83,000 tons. This is a bagatelle. It is no approach to the rate of increase in consumption. The gain in production is greater now, but still falls far short of the rate of gain in consumption, so that we import more and more year by year. Under these circumstances the hope of supplying our requirements by the development of the beet sugar industry seems somewhat chimerical.

Whether it is because the farmer finds that the soil can be more profitably cultivated in other directions, or because he discovers that the beets can be more advantageously used otherwise, or because he has not yet been sufficiently educated to what may be done in this field, certain it is that the growth of the industry up to this time has been very restricted, and

that the prospect is wholly problematical. With such a condition the friends of Cuban reciprocity ask why mutual concessions, which would be of enormous advantage both to Cuba and the United States, and which are demanded by national honor, should be halted or defeated for the sake of a doubtful experiment or a limited good. Why should the greater yield to the less? Why on the moral side should a national duty give way to a special interest? Why on the material side should a broad reciprocity, with immense and general commercial benefits for both parties, be pushed away by a particular and narrow selfishness?

But is it a national duty? Here is the central issue. The President says it is. The partisans of the other view—and they embrace not a few strong men—say we have already met all the requirements of duty. We went to war for Cuba and spent vast sums; we gave her independence and peace; we have given her reforms and improvements of all kinds; her people have shown no just appreciation of what we have done; why should we feel called on to do more?

Because, reply the supporters of the President's policy, we shall not do it so much for Cuba as for ourselves and for our own honor. We went to war for Cuba not because Cuba demanded it, but because our own duty compelled it. Our instinct of humanity would not let us remain silent and passive with such an intolerable condition at our door. The United States is the acknowledged primate of the Western Hemisphere. We have taken upon ourselves, within rightful limits, the general care of its interests. The Monroe Doctrine, in which we have asserted a controlling voice on this continent, involves responsibility in return. Our national policy, deliberately adopted, went out beyond ourselves and our limited interests and proclaimed our concern, outside of our borders and within our sphere, in the well-being of the peoples about us. It was that national policy which impelled us to go to war for Cuban independence. But Cuban independence is a mockery without Cuban opportunity, and the same national policy impels us now to take measures that Cuba may have a fair opportunity for development and prosperity.

Besides, as the President points out, we have required Cuba to put the United States in a special and favored position. Upon our demand she accepted the Platt Amendment. She "has in her Constitution affirmed what we desired, that she should stand in international matters in closer and more friendly relations with us than with any other Power." In acceding to this requirement she has established a just claim to favored treatment in return. In this fact, which the President enforces, we can see why he holds that reciprocal consideration is a matter of honor.

What We Shall Gain by Reciprocity

If the argument of moral obligation is thus cogent, the argument of material interest is, in the view of Cuba's advocates, only second in force. They believe that a reciprocal agreement, with fair concessions by Cuba for American products in exchange for fair concessions by the United States for Cuban products, would inure to the great advantage of both countries. A little examination of the practical facts will throw light on this question.

The United States now takes about four-fifths of Cuba's exports and furnishes a little over two-fifths of her imports. For eight months of last year her exports amounted to $50,551,899, of which $40,594,203 came to this country. During the same time the value of her imports was $43,647,340, of which $18,466,926 went from this country. That is to say, out of $75,000,000 a year which Cuba receives in value we pay $60,000,000, and out of the $66,000,000 which she spends for foreign goods we get about $28,000,000 and other countries get about $38,000,000. We furnish the money with which Cuba buys from other lands.

What did she buy from them last year? She bought cotton goods to the amount of $5,000,000; cattle to the amount of $4,800,000; rice to the amount of $3,300,000; shoes to the amount of $2,100,000, and so on. She buys cotton and leather goods from England and Spain; furniture from France and England; linens from Spain and Germany; wines, china and laces from Spain; and sweetmeats, silks and notions from France. With a wise reciprocal agreement she would buy most of these things from us. More than that, a concession on her sugar, stimulating her industry, would bring a prosperity that would enormously expand her purchasing power. It is calculated that under favorable conditions the island would within five years reach a point where it would spend not less than $200,000,000 a year, most of which would come to the United States. The total annual product of the home beet sugar industry does not exceed $7,500,000. What shall be said of their comparative value?

The country is not without experience in the efficacy of reciprocity with Cuba in increasing trade. For years prior to the McKinley Law our annual exports to Cuba had ranged from $10,000,000 to $13,000,000. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891, they were $12,224,888. Under the provisions of the McKinley Law a reciprocity agreement was made, and the effect became immediately apparent. In the fiscal year 1892 our exports to Cuba increased to $17,953,570 and in 1893 to $24,157,698—having nearly doubled within two years. The McKinley Law was then repealed; with it the reciprocity agreement was abrogated; and our exports fell off in 1895 to $12,807,661 and in 1896 to $7,530,880. In corresponding measure the exports from Cuba to the United States went down from $78,706,506 in 1893 to $40,017,730 in 1896. Indeed, it was this crippling of trade with the United States and the blight it spread over the island which was one of the potent factors in producing the Cuban Revolution and all the momentous consequences that have followed.

How the Opposing Forces are Divided

With this review we can now define and estimate the elements which enter into this controversy and the character and the probabilities of the issue. On the one hand, we have the President earnestly insisting on the acceptance of what he conceives to be a broad national policy, involving the relief of Cuba from distress and threatened trouble, and enforced by the practical certainty of great commercial advantages in reciprocity—at once a moral obligation and a material interest. On the other hand, we have the home sugar interests resisting any tariff concessions to Cuba as a menace to themselves, supported by a wider sentiment against anything that may seem like a breach in the wall of protection, and by a good deal of indifference to any further claims on the part of Cuba. This is the issue to be fought out or composed.

The President is the head and front on one side. He has thrown himself into the fight with characteristic energy and force. His convictions are profound, and he has the full courage of his convictions. With him is Secretary Root who is charged with the immediate administration of Cuba, and who is thus deeply concerned in her full relief and pacification. He is assiduous, adroit and unwearying, and pushes the policy with steady purpose and signal skill. Chief among the advocates in Congress is Senator Platt, of Connecticut, who came to this view very deliberately, but accepted it fully and earnestly. Wise, practical and far-sighted, thoroughly patriotic in spirit, persuasive in counsel and effective in action, he is a tower of strength to whatever cause he espouses.

The real chief on the other side is Speaker Henderson. His controlling influence with the Ways and Means Committee disparages neither. Its leaders supported him; he appointed them; they are all men of long association and natural sympathies, and they look at public questions with the same training and from the same point of view. Mr. Payne, Mr. Dalzell, General Grosvenor and their associates of the Committee are all men of experience and force, and their coöperation with the Speaker implies no subservience on the part of either. The rules and machinery of the House put dominant power in the hands of the Speaker. Inevitably he looks at questions from the legislative standpoint. He is naturally and rightfully interested in holding a majority in the House, for on control of the House depend all legislation and all legislative policies. He sees the difficulty of bringing refractory delegations into line, and the risk of endangering enough districts under the influence of local interest to turn the balance of the House.

If these things make him hesitate to disregard the remonstrances and the threats of districts, and even of States, it is not surprising. He looks at the question from one standpoint and the President from another. He sees a dozen or twenty districts looming large through local griefs, and the President sees either the failure of a great national policy which would carry general condemnation, or the success of that policy which would be so complete and splendid as to dwarf and obliterate any local discontent. Their differences require a discussion and comparison of views, but do not involve any clash. In the end the President and the Speaker are morally certain to coöperate for the adoption of a common purpose.

The President has staked the influence of his Administration on the acceptance of his general policy on this question, and he has not unduly magnified its necessity or its importance. It becomes a crucial test, not in form but in substance. It is not unlike but more important than the Porto Rico issue which stirred the country two years ago. In that case the differences among the majority were largely sentimental; in this case the question is one of great practical consequence. President McKinley insisted upon the removal of the barriers on trade between Porto Rico and the United States. Congress objected to establishing full free trade. Finally the difference was compromised on a plan which removed 85 per cent. of the tariff duty at once and all of the duty in two years. President McKinley's view prevailed in substance with a modification in form.

It is not improbable that in the present case an adjustment will be reached which will be acceptable to both sides. Instead of a direct reduction in the duty on Cuban imports there may be a rebate which will be equivalent to reduction. It is morally certain that in one form or another the concession will be made. The manner is secondary—the matter is vital. The President has taken his stand for a great public policy, and with his conscious rectitude and powerful urgency it is reasonably sure to carry Congress, as it has already impressed the country.

Political Mind-Reading

SECRETARY SHAW is a favorite with all newspaper men. The reason why these shrewd judges of human nature measure him as a man to be relied upon is well illustrated by the experience of a correspondent who took a "long chance" on his favorable estimate of the new Cabinet officer.

This newspaper man came in contact with Governor Shaw when the latter was in attendance upon the National Republican Convention, at Philadelphia. Mr. J. P. Dolliver, then a member of the House of Representatives, was being urged by the Iowa delegation as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, but in spite of the position of the Iowa delegation, a vigorous sentiment for Governor Shaw made itself felt.

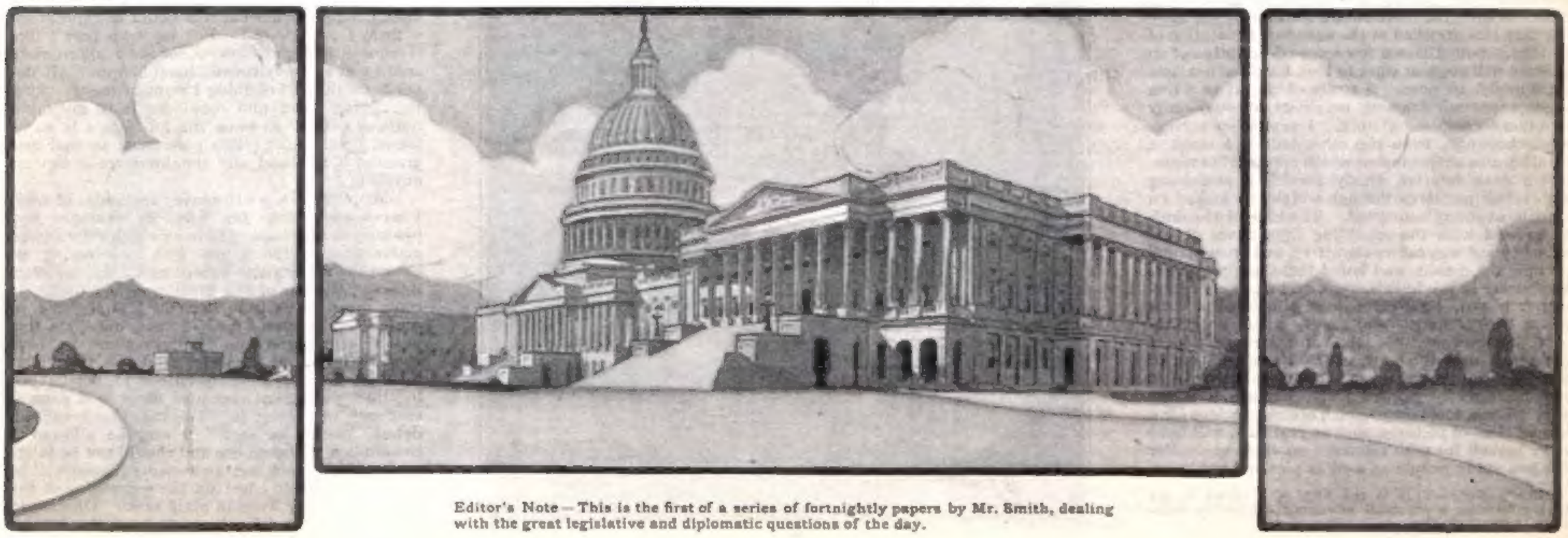
Instantly Mr. Shaw did everything to destroy this sentiment, and to the newspaper correspondent in question he stoutly proclaimed his devotion to the Congressman.

"And I'll tell you privately," he declared, "that sometime, when the opportunity offers, I shall give good and substantial proof of my loyalty to Mr. Dolliver."

Months later, when the news came over the wire that Senator Gear, of Iowa, had suddenly died, this newspaper man at once recalled the Governor's remark and said to himself: "Now is his opportunity to make good his pledge. He said it as if he meant it and I believe he will keep his word."

Then the correspondent wired to his paper the flat and unqualified statement that Governor Shaw would appoint J. P. Dolliver to the United States Senate to succeed Mr. Gear. This was printed, whereupon the statement was immediately challenged by other papers, but the correspondent held his ground unflinchingly and wired his managing editor that if the Dolliver appointment were not made, he should consider his own resignation as offered and accepted.

Then followed a period of delay, during which the Governor gave no assuring hint of his determination. Day after day the newspaper man who had interviewed Governor Shaw held his ground and insisted that Mr. Dolliver would be appointed. When the announcement of the appointment finally came, however, Mr. Dolliver himself was scarcely more pleased than was the correspondent who had impulsively concluded that Governor Shaw would "make good."



Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of fortnightly papers by Mr. Smith, dealing with the great legislative and diplomatic questions of the day.

No. 1 — A long cheval mirror was used to supply the illumination needed on the dark side

Advanced Photography for Amateurs

I HOPE it will be understood that I present these ideas merely as mine, and that they represent conditions under which are produced certain types of photography. Some one else may have other ideas, and it is rather fortunate that this is possible, for they may be equally good though absolutely different, and by reason of their difference will result in quite another type of work. Each in its way may serve as a guide, but if that personal expression which we call "a style" is to be acquired the mere copying of another person's methods will be of very little use. To adapt, to absorb as suggestions, to make use of, to account for failure or success of your own, or as an incentive to be original, are some of the helps that the student may find in the work of others, but to imitate outright is hardly consistent with a proper sense of pride. I suppose a certain amount of cleverness is necessary to do even so much, but that is not the sort of work one would choose to exhibit.

Suggestions may be taken from the most remote sources for the lighting and arrangement of a picture. In fact, the more subtle the hint is, the more one may feel gratified at the successful evolution of an idea. Sometimes a few words descriptive of an attitude will suggest what to look for when next one has a model to pose. A strain of music, or a line in some fantastic drawing, may start one on the way to a very complete picture. I remember seeing, some time ago, from the other side of a street, a painting in a shop window which appeared to represent a dark interior, richly furnished and hung with velvet portières through which one looked on a brilliant sunny courtyard. The idea of the dark foreground with the sparkling light tones of the room beyond was rather attractive, so I crossed over to enjoy the details, and found that the whole scene was purely in my imagination. The picture represented a tall, light-colored vase against a dark velvet background! The reality made no difference, however, to the value of the suggestion; I can recall now the scene which I conjured out of porcelain and velvet even more vividly than if it had been really painted there, because it is my own. Then, too, things which are suggestions for a special class of pictures, such as portraits, will have to be looked for with reference to their use. For this you study people as well as pictorial qualities, any one and every one, under all sorts of conditions. You may get lessons from the carpenter and the plumber who come to work at your house. Among the members of your family or in a crowd of entire strangers you look for that little turn of body or eye which will express certain temperaments or emotions.

It is hardly possible for me to set down rules that will cover every situation: working conditions vary so much, especially indoors, where most portraits are made. Even a few degrees difference in the angle at which light comes in at one or more windows will mark the contrast between a well or badly lighted picture. These points have to be discovered by the photographer. Some of the difficulties encountered are in general of the same sort, such as that of light coming through side windows at an angle which causes it to illuminate the floor first, and then gradually to diminish in strength every foot above, so that by the time the height of an average person is reached the head will be in comparative darkness. Something has to be done to remedy this. I see the same trouble in some pictures made by gaslight since my article on Night Photography appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The illumination decreased on the upper portion of the body until the forehead and hair vanished into inky blackness—a photograph, in fact, which was fully timed in one part and considerably undertimed in others. This was caused as far as I could tell by allowing the table lamps to remain at their usual height when the lower half was unprotected by an opal globe to correspond with the one covering the upper half. If the lower rays also were softened in this manner and a longer exposure given it would prove to be a more evenly timed plate, or if the lamp should be raised considerably, say twenty-four inches, the head would receive the strongest light instead of the hands. Additional light of corresponding strength, somewhere above—in a chandelier, for example—will also help to equalize the illumination of the subject. By daylight, since it may not be possible to admit more light above, some of that below must be shut out so as to even things up a bit. A yard or two of bright yellow cheesecloth, such as is commonly sold, will help wonderfully if pinned across the lower portion of the windows. The exact height of its upper edge must be decided at the time the pose is being arranged. Sitting or standing, a light or a dark dress, the scheme of the picture, will all have their bearing on this one little question. Yellow affects the actinic qualities of the light which comes through it, and if the usual cream-colored cloth is used the result will be different, so it is well to have both sorts for comparison. A window shade which rolls upward would do equally well, but so few are set in that way. Sometimes a combination of white shade drawn down to meet the yellow cloth is useful, especially when the room is provided with several windows.

Illustration No. 1 is a portrait made beside a window about midday. As there were no other side windows to assist by letting light through their upper half a long cheval mirror was used, at a distance of several feet, to act as a reflector and so supply the illumination needed on the dark side. The camera was set rather low to accentuate the height of the subject and a moderately long exposure was given to the plate. It is no use trying to make photographs with lots of light and a quick exposure to get the same effect as those made with very soft illumination and a long exposure. Personally, I prefer the slow way, and have my studio arranged accordingly, except for the occasions when I use a perfectly white background; then I want it to be really white, and all the daylight possible is let into the room.

No. 3 — The entire pose must be easy and graceful if the head and shoulders are to express anything

Photographs of the latter type are not always convenient for an amateur to attempt because a strong light from the top or a very high side light is needed, but I should think that a conservatory might be used, and offer all sorts of possibilities for making things that would be a little out of the ordinary. These conditions would require a quick exposure, but non-halation plates are not at all necessary; they might even spoil what would otherwise give a very charming atmosphere to the picture. I have never used them myself even when pointing the camera directly into the light, as in Illustration No. 2. For this the room was just flooded with light from the top, in addition to the large side light against which the model was posed. This time also the camera was very low—even pointed upward a trifle, which is against all proper rules, I believe. There is a traditional idea that to make a full-length portrait the lens should be about on a line with the elbow of the sitter and approximately centred for a head and shoulders. I have no doubt that this is quite correct in a general sense, but as the lens will govern the relative position somewhat it is better to experiment a little for one's self. For my own part I like it unusually high or low, or for some appropriate subject at a purely conventional height. All depends on the sort of thing I want to make. Photographing head and shoulders is to my mind quite as difficult as when the full figure is to be taken, because the *entire* pose must be easy and graceful if the head and shoulders are to express anything.

Illustration No. 3 will convey some idea of what I mean about this; but take, for example, any picture you may happen to have which shows some active pose of the figure, and by covering all except the upper part you will easily see the effect it has. Any one of the great portraits that have come down to us from the Old Masters, and, of course, the important modern ones, too, show this quality of suggestion. I believe there is more need to insist on a careful study of this point than on all the other questions of posing put together, particularly because there is a natural tendency to neglect it. The idea that because a defect "won't be seen" it may be allowed to remain is a mistaken one and should not be tolerated. Hands and feet awkwardly placed will as surely have their effect on the expression of the sitter as if they were in plain view. One aid to overcoming this difficulty is to have the subject

No. 4 — An instance of the imaginative

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of six papers forming a practical advanced course for amateurs in photography.

By Zaida Ben-Yûsuf

MAKING THE PICTURE. With Photographs by the Author

lean slightly forward. The action itself helps to lessen the muscular constraint and it also brings the head into a more equal prominence before the lens. Full and half-length figures are helped immensely by keeping them some distance from the background—quite five or six feet of floor showing *somewhere* beyond the figure if it is possible. It should be indefinite, but sufficient to give one the impression that there is room to move; this also helps to give what is called "atmosphere" to the photograph.

In all these the pose must be appropriate, of course. A very shy young girl will quite naturally assume an attitude which suggests her age and type; it is the part of the photographer to retain as much of this as possible while tactfully changing any detail of pose or dress that may need it. An elderly person must first of all feel perfectly comfortable, so that every muscle of the head and body is at ease, and no glare of light will bother the eyes. The lens must be used without diaphragm or with a particularly soft focus so as to lessen the necessity for retouching. All these things aid in giving a true impression of the temperament of the subject. The portrait of a frolicsome, high-spirited child, for instance, will carry no feeling of pleasure to the heart of its parent if it is made solemn and self-conscious by the presence of several critics at the time the photograph is being made. Then, again, the plain, austere type of woman must not be expected to show that inward curve of the back of the hand or any other of the supple lines that come so naturally with the cultivated grace of women of another world, and so on. In every case the pose must be studied from various points. Walk about the room so as to find out from which position you get the most desirable view of the figure, and particularly to find which is the most flattering light for the face. When you have decided this you are ready for the camera, but don't be in too much of a hurry.

Out of doors there are other sentiments to be expressed. There we have the choice of trying to make our lens see nature as it is or as our imagination prompts us to make it appear. The two things are quite different. The Swans (Illustration No. 4) should, I think, be classed as an instance of the imaginative, since in no way does it represent the normal result. The point of view, the development of the plate, and the print were each controlled to obtain a preconceived idea. First of all, to get the desired arrangement of trees and water without any sky it was necessary to place the camera on a steep bank and to point it downward at such a sharp angle that the tripod actually had to be held in place or it would have toppled over—and down. I suppose the lens must have been quite eight feet above the water's edge. Even then the horizon line was not quite high enough to shut out a view of the opposite shore, so, as a dark mass at the top of the picture seemed to be desirable in the view on the ground-glass, this part was deliberately avoided during development. The exposure had to be made with a quick shutter, and resulted in the plate's being slightly undertimed, although it was taken quite early in the afternoon, consequently at a certain stage of development it began to show what is termed "chemical fog," but even this was encouraged with the idea that it would assist in the obliteration of unnecessary and realistic detail. The print was developed with the same object. This, of course, is not an isolated instance of the intimate relationship and effect one part of the process of making a photograph has upon the others.

To control the result it is essential that one should understand the technical side, although upon as simple a basis as possible, avoiding every single formula or contrivance that can be dispensed with; besides, being able to do all these things helps to keep up one's interest. Sometimes the way a picture looks on the ground-glass of the camera will suggest the exact stage of development to which the plate should be carried; another time the way it develops will suggest an opportunity for certain kinds of printing if you can control the plate at that moment in a suitable way. Remember, however, that these things are not to be done only as a fancy of the moment but because they are *appropriate to the subject*. Making photographs at night out of doors, for instance, I found that when the negatives were fully timed there was great temptation to develop them too far, and so make them lose that feeling of night—a soft blending of masses that yet has plenty of detail.

Foregrounds are very important in these pictures; it seems to be necessary that they should be fairly sharp, unless the composition especially demands that they be otherwise, because clear modeling is generally needed to give substance to the vague impressions of a very dark picture. The foregrounds of pinhole photographs of every description are perfectly marvelous for their accurate proportions. Providing the plate is not too close to the pinhole no lens can equal it. The pinhole seems to be the one perfect eye the camera has, but—there are always buts to the good things in photography—the tiny aperture almost prevents its use for any figure work. I have not tried any myself so far, though I understand that it has been done out of doors on a bright day with exposures varying from twelve to twenty-four seconds for a No. 10 needle-hole.

The idea of the method is, briefly, that you bore, with the greatest care imaginable, a perfectly round hole with thin, smooth edges in the centre of a small sheet of soft brass. This is carefully oxidized over a sulphur flame and attached to the front board in place of the lens. The focus, as we know of it in relation to glass lenses, has no place in pinhole photography. Plates are exposed at distances varying from three to eight inches away from the front board without showing any appreciable difference in the image which is photographed except in size and accuracy of proportions; this increases as the bellows are drawn out just as in lens photography. From four to six inches you get the exaggerated distances which are recorded by wide-angle lenses, and from six to eight inches the impression rapidly grows more accurate. The clearness of the image is governed by the size, thinness and perfect smoothness of the tiny hole through which the light rays pass. This hole should be only large enough to admit a needle of the sizes from No. 6 to No. 12, and must be perfect under a magnifying glass to reach the stage of excellence demanded by a connoisseur in pinhole work.

My own first efforts out of doors were made with a sheet of black paper carefully perforated with a hole equal to a No. 5 needle, and really they were quite good so long as the details could be depicted in a large way and not suffer by it. For example, a park fountain with its surrounding broad pavement and wooden benches was all right, but a view showing a long vista of trees and grass was not successful. The exposure varies from a few seconds out of doors under favorable conditions to an hour or more for a dark interior. At three o'clock on a December afternoon about four minutes seems to be the average for out-of-door work, but of course this varies with the brightness of the day, the size of the needle hole, and the distance of the plate from the front board. The size of the picture that may be produced by this means is left a very indefinite quantity by those who practice it or even in any text-book on the subject so far as I can discover. The small plates, such as 4x5 and 5x7, are generally referred to. It seems, however, that, providing the pinhole be accurately centred, there need be no limit set by these sizes. An 8x10 plate which I used was covered out to the edge. An exposure of ninety minutes was given at ten o'clock in the morning, with a No. 8 needle-hole six and a half inches from the plate. The objects in the foreground were about five feet away from the camera.

It seems that a distance of four inches from the needle hole is a practical basis to take as guide in timing the exposures, as every inch of bellows beyond that *doubles* the time needed.

No. 5—Photographing one's self is rather an amusing experiment

Photographing one's self is rather an amusing experiment, besides being an opportunity for practice. (See Illustration No 5.) I have known one or two people who succeeded by this means in getting the first good portraits of themselves that they had ever had. It involves a little trouble and patience, of course, but one does not mind that if there is the prompting of an energetic mood and no model available. When you are familiar with the light effects of certain positions in your room there is no difficulty in selecting the spot where you imagine it will be most becoming. The next move is to decide upon a pose. To assist in this you will need a cheval mirror in which you can study various phases of the idea you wish to carry out. If you find the light is not quite satisfactory, change the position of the mirror a little to right or left and shift your own position to correspond. Finally deciding that everything is as you would like, you place some object exactly at the height your own head will reach and another upon the floor just in front of the place where your feet are to be. You then adjust the camera *exactly* in front of the mirror, get a focus on the chair or other accessory which may correspond to the exact spot you will occupy, and see that the position of your head and feet will insure all the allowance of margin above and below that you wish to have. Close the lens, put in the plate holder and draw the slide. You then make sure that the mirror is absolutely in a line with the camera and take your pose again. The tripod or camera stand will naturally cut off some of your view of yourself, but there will be sufficient for you to be able to decide, to a hair's breadth, the aspect which the lens will receive. The exposure is made by pressing your foot on a bulb attached to an extra long tube, if you have a shutter, or by some second person who is previously instructed as to how many seconds the cap is to be held off. I have done it myself, when the exposure was made in a very weak light, by simply pulling off the cap by means of a fine thread, and when the proper number of seconds had gone by I just walked toward the camera quickly. Naturally the chances of the image showing some movement are much greater than by the other methods, but it's all interesting.

No. 2—Flooded with light from the top, in addition to the large side light

"Bobs" and "Fighting Bob"

AN ENGLISHMAN recently arrived from London is authority for the following comment on Admiral Robley D. Evans, who commanded the fleet which greeted Prince Henry.

"A friend of mine," says the Englishman, "enjoys personal acquaintance with Kipling, and a few days ago he asked the celebrated author to state who his ideal warrior is among modern fighters. Kipling replied that he worshiped at the shrine of at least two heroes, 'Bobs,' of England, and 'Fighting Bob,' of America."

The Great Gulf Stream Syndicate

By George Hibbard

Author of "The Governor, and Other Stories"

I

THEY were both distinctly well-dressed young people, yet they sat looking at each other in a room bare to destitution. She was very pretty, and if anything the troubled look in her face added to her attractiveness—it made her seem so gentle and appealing. His personal appearance was hardly improved by the scowl that lay upon his countenance. But although his mouth was stern enough his eyes were very tender and compassionate.

"You did not eat it yourself because you left it for me," he said almost fiercely. "And I, like a hog—thinking of something else—forgot and took it."

"Indeed I didn't," she pleaded almost with tears in her eyes; "I didn't want it at all."

They went with the money they had left to a neighboring restaurant, where they were served with "one portion" of each thing and very few of these. It had been a daily struggle at each meal to see which could make the other eat the greater part of what was before them. At first he had not noticed the way in which she managed to leave the larger share for him. Then, by not eating himself, he had tried to make her eat more. One day a goodly piece had remained unused because neither would touch it. This had forced them to recognize the little daily comedy, but it was played over again each day notwithstanding.

"You are hungry now," he asserted accusatively.

"No, I am not," she answered. "But," she continued, abandoning her line of defense, "what if I am? Isn't it more important that you should eat than I—you who have to tramp about so and get so tired?"

"I am a brute," said he fiercely, "not to have noticed. I was thinking of what we could do."

"I know, dear," she said rising. She sat on the table near his chair, putting her arm about his neck. "And you will find something. I'll eat some crackers so that you'll not be troubled."

She drew toward her a tin box and, opening it, took out a biscuit from the few scattered at the bottom.

"Not many even of those," he said, glancing dolefully into the box. "It's hard, Phoebe. I could bear it, myself. But what I can't bear is having you bear it. The bitterest suffering for a man is seeing the woman he loves in want of anything. Dearest, it makes me desperate. I'd hold up a train in an instant and think nothing of doing it."

John Halleck had been a draftsman for a fairly successful architect. When his employer, who was old, had retired, he believed that it would be easy enough to find another job. At the end of three months and of almost all his money he seemed as far from it as ever. The clothes left over from their former comparative prosperity they had, but in their last lodging at the top of a block of buildings in the noisy shop-lined avenue through which the trains of an elevated railway roared day and night, there was little but a few cherished objects, the chair in which John Halleck sat, and the table on which Phoebe, his wife, was perched munching the last biscuit between her pretty teeth.

"I'd do anything, I don't care how mad or desperate," he said, rising and going to the window, where he gazed down upon the puffing engine of a train drawing out of the station. "And it's queer, when a man is ready for anything, that there isn't something."

"It'll come," she said indifferently, as she informally licked the crumbs from her fingers, "when you least expect it. The luck has got to turn."

"It'll have to come pretty soon," he laughed, picking up a newspaper that lay upon the floor. "I've gone through this every day, and I don't find very much."

"What is the news?" she asked with assumed seriousness.

"As if I'd been reading it for news," he said, going over and kissing her in his delight at her pretense. "Well, my lady," he continued, glancing at the page in his hand, "the war scare between this country and England still continues."

"If there is war," she said gravely, "we cannot go abroad this summer."

He again kissed her in recognition of the stupendous pleasantry.

"Then," he went on, "Silas Deane has just engineered a little trust for eleven hundred millions."

"Eleven hundred millions," she murmured reverently. "Is there so much money in all the world?"

"And," he continued, "I observe that the English Ambassador, the Right Honorable Sir George Arthur Millichope, is in town, if that interests you."

"Can you doubt it?" she replied.

"Moreover," he pursued, "I notice that Mr. Michael Geoghegan, the contractor, is in need of teamsters. I think I ought to be able to drive a dumpcart."

"Oh," she said wistfully, "can't you find something nicer—and easier?"

"I'll be precious glad to get that," he answered. "What's the difference where the money comes from if it only comes!"

Her confidence had given him new courage, and he went on with assurance: "It's only for the time being. I'll find a way out of this. You can believe it, dearest."

As Halleck, a little later, took his course across the town, his pace was not very brisk. It was not the dragging shuffle of a discouraged man; only the loitering step of a thoughtful one. There was no hurry, as he had an hour before him, and the fresh autumn morning was very pleasant. Something in the air seemed to stir his blood, and though the situation was so desperate he had never felt more courageous.

Walking with a certain sense of exhilaration he came to Fifth Avenue. It was not a thoroughfare he frequented. Still, he had to go down in addition to going across, and he might as well go down this street as another. The brilliant scene of the morning gave another fillip to his determination. Indeed, his fancy had never been more active. Unsought visions swam before his eyes; unaccountable thoughts rose in his mind. Never had everything seemed so possible.

As he sauntered along he looked in the shops. Now it was the window of some big picture dealer with its glowing canvases; now of some silversmith's with its gleaming wares. Finally he found himself standing before a small bookshop, gazing at the pictures and the open volumes. It was the merest idle inspection—his eyes passing carelessly from one object to another. Finally they rested on an outspread page. The book was a large and thick one and on a little paper resting against it Halleck read, "THE UNIVERSAL ATLAS OF THE WORLD." It was a map of the world on "Mercator's Projection," and though he had seen it often, he now, in his indolence, gazed at it curiously.

Suddenly something seemed to attract his attention and he looked more closely. As he did so his eyes brightened and a smile played about his lips. A thought had come to him—he could not tell how or from where. It was a strange fancy, compounded of some scraps of half-forgotten knowledge and a wild flight of the imagination. He had not been thinking of anything likely to produce such a fancy—still, there it was.

"Why not?" he muttered under his breath. "There might be money in it in some way. I said I'd hold up a train. This is only a little more mad."

Turning, he went briskly into the shop. Stationery was sold there, and he bought some tracing-paper and a pencil. At a very different gait and with a changed manner he made his way through the Avenue and down Broadway. Very soon he turned to the east and quickly entered a wide and comparatively deserted street. In a few moments he was before the Astor Library, rapidly ascending the steps.

II

SIR GEORGE ARTHUR MILLICHOPE, G. C. B., G. C. M. G., threw down the paper at which he had been glancing while he smoked an after-luncheon cigar.

"Wonderful people—these Americans!" he ejaculated; "marvelous!"

"Awfully pretty girls," commented the Hon. Archibald Stackpole, the Second Secretary of the Embassy.

"As a nation you don't know how to take them," continued Sir George, puffing vigorously at his very dry cigar. "They tell you a thing that seems so preposterous that you believe they must be chaffing you, and it turns out the absolute truth. Then they say something that seems simple enough and you discover it's some of their peculiar humor. You can't be sure of what they mean;" and Sir George, rising, stumped impatiently about the room. "Now here is this account of a 'trust' formed by Mr. Silas Deane of eleven hundred millions. I shouldn't credit it unless I saw it in print in a reputable paper—at least," added Sir George hastily, "as reputable as any American newspaper can be. Over two hundred million pounds! After that, one may believe anything."

"Yes," said Stackpole mournfully, "a chap was saying after dinner the other night that in a canal somewhere up in what he called the 'Great Lakes,' the commerce for eight months was more than twice as much as through Suez for all the year. Now I thought that couldn't be so and I bet him. But I lost."

"I tell you," exclaimed Sir George in some excitement, "that this American 'enterprise' and 'push' is upsetting the world—upsetting the world, sir! I don't know what is going to be done. You can't tell what they'll be at next. That is one reason, between ourselves, why I do not advocate a more aggressive course in the present difficulties—do not advise that England shall take a firmer stand. At home they don't realize it, but when any one is here and sees the surprising things that are being done it leads him to reflect—to hesitate—to pause."

He was interrupted by a knock at the door, and in answer to Stackpole's command a servant appeared with an envelope.

"Hum!" snorted Sir George, taking it and tearing it open as he adjusted his eyeglasses. "A card! 'John Halleck.' John Halleck! I don't know any John Halleck. 'With important information of a private and confidential nature.' What do you make of this, Stackpole?"

"Why, sir," replied Stackpole gloomily, "as you said, this is America."

"He evidently wants me to see him," fumed Sir George. "Nonsense! We aren't Russians and we don't go in for these secret service matters. Really—yet—but I—tell you, Stackpole, you had better talk to him and hear what he has to say." And turning to the servant he said: "The person may come here."

As the man left the room the Ambassador again turned to the Secretary. "I tell you that I'm positively afraid to let even this fellow go. Just at this crisis. As I was just saying, one must be prepared for anything here. You can't tell what these Americans may be at. If I heard they had a scheme for tunneling the ocean and coming out at Charing Cross I'm not prepared to say I wouldn't believe it."

Sir George vanished as another knock was heard at the door, and the Hon. Archibald Stackpole was left alone by the window. He glanced curiously at the man who entered and who advanced confidently into the centre of the room.

"Mr. Halleck?" said Stackpole, looking up from the card.

"Yes," replied the other; "I want to see Sir George Millichope upon most important business. You are not he?"

"No," admitted Stackpole. "But the business—may I ask if it is of a personal nature?"

"Why not?" he muttered under his breath. . . . "I said I'd hold up a train. This is only a little more mad"

"No," answered Halleck quietly, "it is something concerning English interests."

"If you will tell me," said the other, "I shall inform His Excellency."

"It is something of such grave importance," said Halleck firmly, "that my communication must be made directly to the English Ambassador in person."

"Sir George is very busy at present."

"This cannot wait," continued Halleck peremptorily, "or if it does there will be no use in my speaking at all."

"Do I understand that it is something really pressing?" pursued the Secretary uncertainly.

"I can only reply," said Halleck, "that the most vital interests of England are involved."

Stackpole looked at him in some perplexity.

"What they call a 'crank,'" he muttered under his breath. Then he said aloud: "It's very good of you to take such an interest in the welfare of England. We're much obliged to you; but some other day—thanks."

Halleck did not express any surprise at this rebuff. He seemed rather on the point of breaking into a laugh.

"All right," he said; "I supposed that's the way it would be taken. Still, I thought that I'd have a try. Good-day."

He had turned to go and had almost reached the door by which he had entered when Sir George bustled into the room.

"A moment," he said; "I happened to hear a few words. What is this? This is something that I ought to know?"

Halleck paused and turned to the restless old gentleman with a curious scrutinizing glance.

"Yes," he said suddenly and with new decision. "I have something that it would be worth while for you to hear—about which it would be worth while for the English Government to know."

"Some project or other?" said Sir George; "some torpedo or submarine boat or something?"

"Something more important than that," continued Halleck quietly, while an amused, almost cynical, smile twitched at the corners of his mouth.

"I suppose you want money?" Sir George asserted bluntly.

"If after what I have to show you and tell you," replied Halleck indifferently, "there seems any reason for money in the matter then it will be time to talk about it."

The careless independence of the answer seemed to impress the Ambassador still further.

"There can't be any harm in hearing what there is," he said fussily and rather appealingly to the Secretary.

Stackpole did not appear to wish to contradict his chief.

"I tell you," continued Halleck, who, as he had been looking from one man to the other, had detected the indecision of the one and the indifference of the other, "that it's something that will amaze you. Do you want to see the prosperity—the prestige—of England destroyed? Do you want to see the British Island become little more than Iceland? Tell me that!"

"Come—come—what are you saying?" asked Sir George.

"What am I saying? Wait until you hear what I have to say and then we'll see what *you* say. Could you forgive yourself if you found England were destroyed as a first-class Power—that she was overshadowed by this country—politically and financially wiped out?"

"Nonsense," stammered Sir George.

"I tell you that America holds England in the hollow of her hand."

"Well—well," said the Ambassador nervously. "I'll listen to what you have to say."

"Not here," said Halleck advancing, and in a lower tone. "Some one may come in. We must be absolutely alone."

"Very well," assented the other. "We'll be more safe from interruption in the next room. Come, Stackpole."

"I don't know about any one else," objected Halleck.

"Mr. Stackpole, the Second Secretary," urged Sir George. "There can be no question about him."

"All right," said Halleck as the Ambassador held open the door. "This is your funeral." As he had been talking his eyes had brightened with what might have been excitement or amusement. Followed by the others he left the room with more alacrity than he had shown on entering it.

III

SILAS DEANE half turned away from the desk at which he was sitting as he heard the door of his private office quickly opened. He did not speak, but only looked inquiringly at the youngish man who entered.

"I tell you, Mr. Deane," said the newcomer, depositing his hat on one chair and jerking another forward for himself, "this *is* a queer business or my name isn't Rowland White."

Silas Deane continued to look at the other in the quiet, contemplative way that he had.

"It beats me," White continued.

"I see," said Deane, indicating a mass of newspapers that lay near him, "that the English Government seems to be no more firm than it has been for some time."

"That's the point," replied White energetically. "For the last month they've been scared stiff. That's the only way to describe it. They don't appear to have known their own minds over there and have given way on every point. It's their fright that's made diplomacy so easy—and all such smooth sailing. Generally the old lion would have shaken its mane and roared, but now a child might play with it. There's no doubt that it's all come from this information they've received from Sir George Millichope."

"Have you heard anything else?" asked Deane, taking a cigar from his pocket and beginning to crumble it between his fingers as he had a habit of doing when he was thinking intently.

"Not much," answered Rowland White. "Stackpole is a babbling beggar. He talks to others of the Embassy and they talk and so it gets to me—with a little help on the way. There's no change in the story of the man who suddenly appeared with the information that a mammoth syndicate had been formed to carry through a scheme that would be absolutely fatal to England. He frightened old Sir George so that he has hardly slept a night since, and he has passed on his fright to the English Government. There must be something behind it, for see what a walkover the United States has had for some time. I tell you there *is* something going on. If I could only get hold of the man."

"You did not eat it yourself because you left it for me," he said almost fiercely

Silas Deane touched a button and almost immediately a clerk appeared.

"When a Mr. Halleck comes I will see him at once," he said.

"He is here now, sir," replied the clerk.

"Then he may come in."

"If I could see the fellow," continued White, who had paused at the interruption.

"Very well," said the older man, "you shall have your wish at once."

The door opened as he spoke, and the clerk, appearing for an instant, introduced a man and then withdrew.

"Mr. Halleck," said Silas Deane with very unusual cordiality, rising, advancing and holding out his hand; "it is very good of you to come at my very informal request."

"Oh," said Halleck lightly, "when it's a matter of business I don't stand on formality. And I suppose this is a matter of business?"

The two men stood eyeing each other keenly.

"Well, yes," said Silas Deane, while a pleased smile appeared for a moment on his grave face—the smile of a man who has sought for something and not been disappointed. "It is strictly a matter of business. I see you are a man with whom it's better to come directly to the point. I learn that you are engaged in some pretty big operations—operations that have more or less directly influenced recent important events. Now, I am, as you know, interested in what is going on. If there is anything to be undertaken I believe that I am as able to assist as another. That you have a scheme of some kind I know."

"I'm sure, Mr. Deane," said Halleck with something of the same amusement that he had shown in his interview with Sir George, "that I feel very much honored that you find the time for this little affair."

"My dear man," laughed Deane, "anything that seems to have had the effect that this has had is not a little affair. I am interested in it for myself and for the country. If it is something that frightens Sir George so much it must be something that is or would be of considerable benefit to America. Now, Mr. Halleck, I am sure that you are too patriotic to wish to let slip any chance for the United States."

"Frankly," said Halleck with a short frown, "I had not thought of it in this way."

"It is one way of considering it," suggested Silas Deane casually. "And I spoke for the interest of the country—and indirectly, I believe, for your interest and mine. Now, Mr. Halleck, what is the scheme? If there is money in it—more can be made by working it for the good of the United States than by playing on the fear of England. I think you are acting in the name of the Gulf Stream Syndicate."

Halleck laughed.

"Now, what is this?" Deane asked persuasively.

"I will tell you, Mr. Deane," said Halleck, after a moment's pause, with sudden impulsiveness; "I'll do it. I'll tell you just what I told the English Ambassador and see what you think of it. I'll be hanged if I know now what to believe myself, since it frightened old Sir George in the way it did. I wasn't a crank, but I'm in a fair way to become one. See here;" and Halleck, taking some papers from his pocket, threw them down on the desk. "Look at that."

Silas Deane picked up one of the sheets.

"I see nothing unusual here," he said.

"No," said Halleck, drawing a chair toward the desk and sitting down on it. He leaned forward eagerly, and Rowland White, rising, advanced so that he could follow the explanation. "No," he continued, "there isn't anything remarkable in that drawing. It's just a tracing from an ordinary map of the North Atlantic given on 'Mercator's Projection.' You see the eastern shores of America—England—Western Europe and the Gulf Stream. I don't know how the idea came to me. It was all in a flash. But look—think a moment. You know the nature of the Gulf Stream. You know what it does. See its course," and he ran his finger over the map. "See how it starts here in the Gulf of Mexico—comes around Florida—impinges on Cape Hatteras—is deflected and goes on spreading all over the North Atlantic. See how it flows directly about the British Islands and against the Continent. And what does it do? What has Captain M. F. Maury, our most eminent hydrographer, said: 'One of the benign offices of the Gulf Stream is to convey the heat from the Gulf of Mexico and bear it beyond the Atlantic for the amelioration of the climate of the British Isles and all Western Europe.' What would England and France be without the Gulf Stream? They would be as inclement as Labrador. Look at the map!" continued Halleck excitedly. "And why is Labrador, for one reason, the place that it is? Look at the map! Do you see the Labrador Current, indicated by the dotted lines, sweeping along the coast, bringing the cold from the Arctic Ocean? Follow the Current. Do you see where it flows? Along the coast of New England, past New York, and down toward Maryland, where it is stopped by the same Cape Hatteras by which the Gulf Stream is deflected. Why does England have its mild weather? Why does New England have its severe winters and late springs? Because of the Gulf Stream and the Labrador Current. Why does not New York have a more equable climate, making it the finest place for residence in the world? Because of the Labrador Current and the Gulf Stream. Turn away the Gulf Stream from England—let it flow up the New England coast—and what would be the result? Snow and ice and cold for England and unequaled climate for America from Maryland to Maine. What would it not mean for the United States?—increased comfort, health, prosperity!"

"But—but," gasped White, "you speak of turning the Gulf Stream as you would of breaking through a new street."

"It might not be so very much more difficult," said Halleck, producing a new map which he held before the two men. He had begun calmly enough, but as he had gone on he had spoken more rapidly and with something of growing intensity—with the air of one who is seeking to convince himself as well as others. "See this map. It is a tracing of the coast of North Carolina. See its peculiar nature. Notice in the first place the singular, long, outlying islands. Observe the sharp point made by Cape Lookout—the curious in-curve of land from that to Cape Hatteras. Was anything ever more fitted to deflect a current? And we know the nature of a current. A slight interference will throw it off at a great angle—the greater angle the more rapid the current may happen to be. The Gulf Stream, flowing up from the south at the rate of a number of miles an hour, strikes this point and is thrown off to England. Let the slightest change be made on the outline of the coast. The current of the stream is at once altered. A very slight change in the angle and—look at the map—a very slight change—and England would be left out in the cold. In comparison with some of the engineering feats of nowadays how fairly easily enormous changes could be made! With what would be nothing in the eyes of modern enterprise the Gulf Stream could be turned from England as easily as one turns off a stopcock—could be brought directly past New York and the New England coast—and think of the change, the advantages!"

Halleck paused as abruptly as he had begun.

"Indeed, Mr. Halleck," said Silas Deane, looking up, "you quite take our breath away."

"I've taken my own away," replied Halleck. "I'd no idea it was all going to work out in this way."

"There certainly have been surprising developments," continued Deane slowly. "And the country owes you something for what you have done. I spoke a moment ago about being patriotic. You have been that, for you have through this fright in England made these negotiations much easier for the United States than they would have been"—Silas Deane paused an instant—"without the Gulf Stream Syndicate."

Halleck laughed.

"And," the other continued suavely, "it is exactly about this Gulf Stream Syndicate that I wanted to inquire. You must have had strong backing to influence Sir George."

"At least, Sir George was satisfied," said Halleck as he laughed again.

"Now, you know," said Silas Deane, "as between practical Americans, this scheme is all nonsense."

"Very well," replied Halleck, "if you think so."

"My dear sir, what else can I think? Turn the course off the Gulf Stream as you would the gas!—though really what you say makes it seem more possible than it might at first appear. Why, it's preposterous."

"Mr. Deane," said Halleck briefly, "I came to see you because you asked me to. As we said at first, this is business. I've told you this frankly and, as you know, in confidence. Is there any proposition that you want to make?"

"No," said Silas Deane slowly; "though every day I receive proposals for wilder schemes—I can't say that I am inclined to take any part in a Gulf Stream Syndicate, if that is what you mean."

"I mean this," said Halleck; "if, after what you've heard, you've nothing to say, then there's nothing to be said. Frankly, I wanted to tell you the thing."

"I don't affirm positively," continued Deane with the same deliberateness, "that I have nothing to say. You will yourself confess that your proposition is a little startling. You must give me time to think. Anything that has had as much effect already cannot be utterly dismissed."

"If this scheme—fancy—call it what you will—has any value I'd like your assistance," interrupted Halleck. "I know how all-powerful it is. I will tell you that at first this seemed to me, myself, mere madness, but when I saw the way that old Englishman took it I began to ask myself what it was. You know the proposition, Mr. Deane; if it seems to you worth considering I will tell you everything; if not, it doesn't make any difference."

"Where is your place of business, Mr. Halleck?" asked the other. "Where can you hear from me?"

With a moment's hesitation Halleck gave an address.

"Is that the main office of the Syndicate?"

"Yes," said Halleck with a short laugh. "But I won't take your time. Good-day."

When Rowland White was again alone with the great financier he looked at him blankly.

"Well!" he exclaimed helplessly. "I'll be hanged. For all cranky schemes!"

"Sir George at least does not seem to have thought it so," said the other.

"What!" cried his lieutenant, in amazement. "You aren't going to give the fellow another thought?"

"I can't say that," replied Silas Deane unsatisfactorily, as he crumbled another cigar between his fingers. "I believe, at least, it is well to have his address. A very curious address, by the way, for a Syndicate of any kind."

IV

HALLECK stood with his hands deep in his pockets, his head bent and his eyes fixed on the floor. The room was the same as on the morning when he had left his wife to go in search of employment, except for the absence of one or two of the scant pieces of furniture and ornaments. She sat at the table where she had sat before, and though he appeared more gloomy she seemed as cheerful as ever.

"Well," he said, "that's all up. Played out at last."

"Never mind," she replied hopefully.

"But it was good while it lasted," he went on, a gleam of amusement showing on his face. "You never saw an old boy so frightened as Sir George was—and just now so furiously angry. There are precious few bad names he didn't call me—and the American people. I thought that he was going to have apoplexy. But I asked him if he wanted to have it get out, and that quieted him altogether. But I don't altogether like the money part;" and Halleck frowned.

"No," she said slowly.

"But," he continued, "I don't see why we shouldn't spoil the Egyptians when we needed it so."

"Still," she said, "I wish we hadn't. I wish we could give it back. Promise me," she said rising, "that you will. The first moment we can. It wasn't right. I see it now. Promise me that you'll pay it back."

"Of course," he said; "though it doesn't look as if Sir George's prospects for getting it were very bright."

"It does trouble me," she continued. "It was, as you said, like holding up a train."

"We were in a desperate way, Phoebe. And something desperate had to be done. There was fun in it, too, and the country owes us a good time if it only knew. I'll be hanged if I am sorry. I wish that the goose that laid the golden egg hadn't been killed quite so soon. Here we are again just as hungry as before."

"I am not," she protested as decidedly as ever.

"Only this time we haven't got a cent," he exclaimed as he began to walk the floor. "You should have let me carry the bluff through instead of insisting that I should tell Sir

(Concluded on Page 20)

Concerning Men of Business

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

TO THE non-business man the ways of the man of business are past finding out, but in nothing so much as in the way in which he conducts business interviews.

You wish to see a very busy man about something that nearly concerns both of you. You go to his office and are told that the great man is engaged, but that if you will send in your card and sit down he will see you in a little while.

If you are wise you will have brought a book with which to while away your own precious time, for it will be many a minute before the man will let you in.

Perhaps, if you are not of a reading habit, you pass the time planning how to state your case in the fewest words, for not being in business yourself you stand somewhat in awe of these rushing men whose minutes are like precious stones and their words as golden as silence. While you are thinking, the door opens and one who has been closeted with the man of affairs comes out. He is about to say good-by, but interrupts himself to say, "By the way, did you hear Dingley's story about——"

The rest is lost for he has reëntered the private office and closed the door behind him. But in a minute a roar of laughter is heard and the door again opens and the busy man, his face all wreathed in smiles, sees the other out. Then his eye falls on you and his countenance takes on its usual business grimness. "You wish to see me?" he says sternly and in staccato accents.

You answer that the matter concerns him as well as you, and with the remark on his part, "I'm up to my neck in work, this being the end of the month. Please come in," you enter his private office and eject your sentences like stones from a geyser.

While you are putting your case before the man of business he is drawing block letters in a subconscious way on the margin of a paper that lies before him. You have a pretty taste in printing and you cannot forbear complimenting him on his work. A conscious smile floods his face, but he says: "Mr. W—— ought to know about this matter. I'm sure that Haskell is quite outside his rights in his claim." The smile has been growing broader and he now breaks in on himself with:

"You like my printing, eh? I really didn't know I was doing it until you spoke. When I was a boy I wanted to become a sign painter, and if circumstances hadn't started me in this business I dare say I'd be up on scaffoldings now, painting pictures of patent pickles and lettering the sides of houses."

You murmur something appropriate and then switch back to the errand that has brought you to this busy man's office. You are due at a dinner uptown in half an hour and you hate to be taking up his time in this way.

"Well, I will have this matter looked into," says he. "Haskell will be a hard man to handle, though. He is as stubborn as a mule. You know his father was Jonathan Haskell, who fought the C. and M. road for thirty years and finally won his case. Many's the good story I've heard about old Jonathan; 'Brother Jonathan' they used to call him, because he looked like a typical Yankee——"

You break in on him to say that the main thing is etc., etc., but his busy mind has become entangled with recollections of old Jonathan, and he tells you three, four, five anecdotes about the man that are really interesting, but that have no bearing either on the case in point—or your dinner. You have often wondered what kind of business it is that keeps money kings closeted so long in their private offices, and now you have been on the inside and have found out, and, being of a social turn yourself, you would cast time to the winds and regale this busy man with many anecdotes concerning men in your own world, but you can already sniff that uptown dinner, and you ruthlessly break in on him and force him to "talk business in the hours of business," and, thanks to your own efforts, you are not very late.

I heard of a man once who kept a long line of people waiting in an anteroom while he, in his inner office, was being as busy as his high position in the world of trade demanded. He was a member of a trust that was making quite a stir in the land, and every day the newspapers contained references to him, sometimes complimentary, sometimes not. At last one venturesome fellow, to whom time was more than money, opened the private door and came on this man of business deeply engrossed in a stack of press clippings concerning his noted self!

The only business man whom I can call to mind who never wasted a word on extraneous matters was a woman. "I am busy," was so deeply imprinted on her lineaments, on her dress, on the whole atmosphere of her office, that you felt compelled to state your errand in abbreviations and bid her good-by as you were hurrying away. For her no jokes, no anecdotes, no personal reminiscences in the hours of work. She was not in a "business" house either, but she was an everlasting example to the counting-house man in her methods of work. She did not even take time to weigh her words while she was talking to you, but, even as ticket sellers at elevated stations have their change arranged in handy piles, so she had weighed her words beforehand and pushed them out at you nervously and dexterously, and you found yourself outside and your business with her accomplished before you realized that you had been admitted to her presence. She would have made a fine man, but she made a better woman, and every man who met her respected her first and admired her economy of time afterward.

To the merely professional man who is used to absorb himself in his work until it is finished, and who cannot bear the chirp of a child or the housewifely interruptions of his spouse when he is writing or drawing or composing, the tendency of the business man to fritter away valuable time in inconsequential talk has its amusing side. But the fact remains that the business man often makes a name for himself in the world of wealth to-day, while the artist or literary man is generally denied more than a one-line mention in the rosters of fame as the resounding ages whirl.

Professor Killemoffski

By Nixon Waterman

PROFESSOR KILLEMOFFSKI had but one supreme delight,
Which was to find some certain way in which to win a fight.
He cruised right round that thought until he made a gun so great
And powerful that it could sink a navy while you wait.

And when he had that gun complete so it would send a shot
Right through an armored vessel's side and sink it on the spot,
He set himself about it just as firmly to create
A warship made of stuff no gun could ever penetrate.

And finally he built a boat, and did his work so well
That gun of his could never drill a window through its shell.
Its sides were some new kind of steel so tough and firm and stout
That all the guns in Christendom could never knock it out.

And yet he was not satisfied, but studied day and night;
He lunched on smokeless powder and he dined on dynamite.
The fierce expression on his face was proof beyond a doubt
That there were other problems still for him to figure out.

He went away off by himself and built a secret mill,
'Twas "fifteen miles from nowhere," and he camped right there until
He found a new explosive so all-powerful and fierce
That it could send a shell through steel no other shot could pierce.

He still kept on inventing; every gun he made would shoot
Ten times as far as all the rest and twice as straight to boot.
Until, at last, he made a gun that shot so far, alack!
The ball went clear around the world and hit him in the back.

But maybe it was for the best, for, had he lived, full soon
He must have made a gun with which to shoot away the moon
And Venus, Saturn, Mercury, and Jupiter and Mars,
And on and on and on until he shot out all the stars.

Who Goes First at Washington

National Etiquette—By Anne Squire

IN WASHINGTON the presence of foreigners of rank in official capacity at once establishes a code of social usage different from that observed in other cities, where formality usually denotes luxury and splendor rather than form. In diplomatic and government circles certain men and women are always accorded particular distinction, and this is considered a right which they expect, and the withholding of it may be sufficient cause for their absence from a function. In the first place, we have the President, the Vice-President, then Ambassadors, Cabinet Officers, Ministers, Justices of the Supreme Court, Senators, Representatives, and numbers of men whose positions entitle them to special regard even in the whirl of social gayeties.

In a country like ours, where there is no strictly defined line, the different places accorded vary with the disposition of the hostess or the degree of formality characterizing an entertainment. So far as the Diplomatic Corps is concerned, questions of the precedence of its members are settled among themselves, and the Dean (the senior Ambassador) is the final arbiter of their status. The Department of State is supposed to keep itself informed of the precedence of the diplomats and becomes the referee in state functions, such as the diplomatic dinners given by the President.

It is not permissible for the President to dine at any private house except that of a member of the Cabinet or of the Chief Justice, each of whom gives a dinner in the President's honor once a year. Such rules are necessary for two reasons. With all the pressure of public duties and of the many social obligations which custom requires the President and his wife to fulfill, it would be hardly fair to expect them to dine out every evening when they are not themselves entertaining (for this, of course, would be the outcome). In addition to this there would doubtless be a great deal of ill feeling if some invitations were accepted and others declined.

It is not etiquette to decline an invitation to the White House. Such compliments are almost like commands from royalty, though, of course, they do not bear the name. Any engagement, even to a dinner, should be broken if one is invited to dine with the President, though no written rule exists on such subjects.

The President, of course, is always the first; then come the Vice-President, Ambassadors, Cabinet Officers, Ministers, the Chief Justice, the Speaker, the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, Senators and Representatives.

How Cabinet Members Rank

Among themselves the Cabinet Officers rank as follows: The Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, the Attorney-General, the Postmaster-General, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of Agriculture, this being the order in which the Departments they control were first established.

In case of the death of both President and Vice-President during a term of office it was formerly the law that the Speaker of the House of Representatives should be next in succession. This, however, was found to be unwarrantable, since, were the Administration Republican and the House Democratic, or vice versa, the most complicated conditions might ensue. During the term of President Arthur a law was passed declaring that in case of the death of both President and Vice-President the succession should pass to the members of the Cabinet, beginning with the Secretary of State and so on in order of precedence.

Of all the foreigners in Washington, the Ambassadors are the most important both socially and politically. To many people it may seem a matter of small moment whether the representative of King Edward VII is spoken of as the "Ambassador" or "Minister" of Great Britain, and in published articles there is often manifested an easy indifference as to whether the Russian "Embassy" or "Legation" is meant. As a matter of fact there is an important distinction. the Minister is sent to a foreign land to represent his country and government; the Ambassador represents the *person* of his Sovereign. His appointment is not only a greater compliment to the country in which he is stationed, but has also its practical side, for Ambassadors have the right to go straight to the Ruler in important cases and are not necessarily confined to presenting their views through the Foreign Office. This perhaps is not often done, but the right exists.

Why Ambassadors Outrank Ministers

Ambassadors are usually the representatives of great nations, the smaller ones contenting themselves with Ministers Plenipotentiary, except on special occasions. This is chiefly for the reason that a Minister's salary is a comparatively small one, but that an Ambassador's remuneration must be larger, since he is expected to maintain a state and dignity and style of living that will be in keeping with his august position as personal representative of his Sovereign.

The British Ambassador receives $50,000 a year, though part of this sum is allowed him for entertaining, his salary proper being $35,000. In addition to this he is at no expense for the building occupied by the Embassy, as it is owned by the government of Great Britain.

American salaries, both for the President and for foreign representatives, are notoriously inadequate. This is a great detriment in the case of diplomats, as it limits the acceptance of such positions to men of wealth, excluding others whose abilities and talents might be a source of pride as well as usefulness to their country. As matters now stand the salary of our Ambassador to the Court of St James barely suffices for the rent of a suitable house in the part of London where a diplomat of such high rank must live, leaving but a pittance for current expenses, carriages, servants and the necessary entertainments, not to mention the ordinary living expenses of the Ambassador and his family and the countless demands to which a public man is always exposed.

Ambassadors, therefore, rank Ministers everywhere and in this country come directly after the Vice-President. Among themselves they rank in the order of their appointment.

Ministers from foreign countries are usually placed above American dignitaries for the reason that from time immemorial it has been a universal custom to give honor to the stranger. Senators, however, expect the highest place when dining in a private house, and this, too, must be adjusted by the tact and forethought of the entertainer. To be a hostess in Washington, therefore, requires a great deal more than the mere ordering of a good dinner and choosing a list of guests.

Indeed, it is not only the diplomats to whom such deference must be shown, for outside the foreign element are many Americans quite as punctilious, and justly so, as any European, with regard to precedence. There is the Chief Justice, who stands at the head of the august body of men who constitute the Supreme Court of the United States, then the Cabinet Ministers, and Senators, men holding the highest positions in the Army and Navy, as well as numbers of others. The perplexing part of it is that they all have rights and dignities which make their claims to consideration perfectly reasonable, even necessary; so the questions of where they shall sit at dinner and whom they shall precede or follow must be carefully studied and never overlooked if a hostess or a committee would not be covered with opprobrium.

The Relative Rank of the Chief Justice

To take an example from many: Some people consider that the Chief Justice should rank all the Ambassadors—every one, in fact, except the President and Vice-President—as this is a life position at the head of the highest court in the world; for, though it is little realized, the Supreme Court of the United States has no peer in any country. It is, as its name indicates, supreme among judiciary assemblies. For some years after Great Britain had sent an Ambassador to Washington there was discussion as to whether the representative of Queen Victoria should call on the Chief Justice, or vice versa. Each of these distinguished men considered the other in duty bound to pay the first formal visit, and finally, after officials ignoring each other for several years, the British Ambassador cabled to London for instructions on the subject and was told to pay the first call. It has been decided, however, that in state functions the British Ambassador has the precedence. Such official formality, however, in no way interfered with the private good will and friendship of the distinguished claimants for first honors.

At private dinners the more important questions of precedence are solved by not asking two men whose degree is equal to dine on the same evening; no hostess, for example, who is skilled in such matters, ever asks the Chief Justice and the British Ambassador to the same dinner.

Another question which a careful hostess takes pains to master is the way to present official and political people to one another and to others whom they may not know. This, of course, is a minor point, and a lapse would not be noticed, but tactful people are particular in small things as well as great, and the art of introducing properly is one that belongs to the code of social ethics.

Etiquette for Women in Official Circles

American women are never left out of anything interesting, and so, of course, their rank must be remembered, even when they entertain among themselves. The President's wife, for example, returns no calls, and the wives of Cabinet Ministers and of Justices of the Supreme Court have never yet settled the vexed question of first calls between themselves. For the rest of the world it is etiquette always to call first on these ladies as well as on the wives of Senators and Representatives, and this holds good even when a young girl presides over her father's house, unless indeed she wishes to make an exception in one or two individual cases. The question of unmarried daughters, when at the head of the house, preceding married and older women whose husbands are ranked by the girls' fathers, was for a long time bitterly contested, but it has now been decided that the married women shall outrank girls.

Strangers in town often make amusing mistakes in regard to first visits. On meeting the wife or daughter of a Justice or some other public man at the house of a mutual friend a visitor will say: "I am staying at such an address, and I hope you will come and see me." Whereupon Miss Supreme Court smiles pleasantly and says something ambiguous, leaving some kind friend to explain to the visitor from New York or Chicago that with such exalted personages the stranger is expected to take the initiative.

On the other hand, however, official ladies are usually most punctilious about returning visits, though it is no small tax upon time and patience to return calls numbering in the hundreds, and most of which are from absolute strangers.

At luncheons there is naturally more latitude in placing the guests than at dinners, but the line is very marked even there. Daughters of Senators and Justices expect to precede their friends whose fathers are private citizens, however distinguished. If the luncheon is given to any one, and the daughter of a Senator or Ambassador is asked to attend, the hostess acts as she pleases in the matter, and the guest of honor may be on her right and the Senator's daughter on her left, or vice versa. If, however, an unmarried woman is given a dinner to which older as well as younger people are asked (a "mixed" dinner as it is called), she will, of course, be preceded by the official married ladies present.

Another point which is a source of frequent perplexity to the uninitiated is the custom practiced in Washington that, after a dinner, the lady of highest rank shall be the first to leave the entertainment. If the wife of a foreign diplomat is having a good time and remains until after eleven, the other ladies sit and wait patiently, no matter how much they wish to leave, unless there is a really imperative reason for their departure. It should be added, however, that the ranking lady is most considerate and usually rises with as much promptness as politeness sanctions.

These details make it apparent that rank and precedence are not unknown in American society. We have perhaps not yet reached the point where, as in England, the servants take the rank of their masters and mistresses at meals, the maid of a Countess, for example, preceding the attendant of a Baroness or of an untitled woman, but we are doing very well.

Stories of Doctor Rixey

IN MEETING Dr. Presley M. Rixey, whom President Roosevelt has named for the post of Surgeon-General of the Navy, made vacant by the voluntary retirement of Admiral Van Reypen, one realizes what it was besides his professional skill that endeared him to President McKinley. Gentleness and kindness are Doctor Rixey's predominating traits.

"Doctor Rixey," said one of his colleagues, "made many trips with President McKinley. He can count as his personal friends many of the most distinguished men in the United States. In Washington his patients include Cabinet officers, Supreme Court Judges, Diplomats, Senators, and other eminent men, but a stranger meeting Doctor Rixey would not suspect that he had diagnosed the ailments of celebrity, for he has remained throughout the unassuming man of science.

"A sailor from an Admiral's flagship went to Doctor Rixey for treatment, and in telling of his experience said:

"'Why, sir, he felt me pulse and looked at me tongue just as if he was a ordinary M. D.'

"'Well, did you expect him to go about it by an Act of Congress?' growled the cockswain.

"'Is the Doctor allopath or homœopath?' asked a listener.

"'I don't know,' was the answer, 'but I do know that his path is a much longer route to the grave than most of them.'

"If some one," added Doctor Rixey's friend, "could induce the Doctor to relate incidents of his association with distinguished men it would make a highly interesting volume, but Doctor Rixey's reticence keeps him from speaking often of these things. Occasionally, however, he entertains his friends with some anecdote of President McKinley.

"Doctor Rixey recalls that when the President's mother sat down for the first time to a White House dinner what seemed to impress her most was the prodigal supply of cream, and she commented on its abundance, and then added:

"'Well, William, at last I know what they mean when they speak of the Cream of Society.'

"The President laughed. 'I admit,' said he, 'that there seems to be an extravagant array of cream on the table, but you know, mother, we can afford to keep a cow, now.'"

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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Author of The Eagle's Heart

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TWENTY-FIFTH CHAPTER

CURTIS found no opportunity to return to Elsie till after nine o'clock, when his manifold duties as host and commander were over. He found her alone in the studio, superintending the operations of a half-breed maid who was lazily packing a trunk

"Where is the Senator?" he asked

"He has gone to bed—or rather, I have put him to bed. I'm going over to stay with Jennie—provided you don't object to the daughter of your bitter enemy—— That will do, Julia," she said to the girl. "You can go now."

"I don't care so long as the daughter is not mine enemy. And so you are really going?"

"I am packing," she replied. "See my open trunk? Do you know I rather like physical labor—I've really done most of the clearing up."

He took a seat and looked at her sombrely. "You'll leave a great big empty place here when you go."

"Do you mean in this studio?"

"I mean in our hearts." He beat his own breast tragically, though his eyes smiled.

She became reflective. "I hate to go—and that's the truth of it. I am just beginning to feel my grip tighten on the facts here—I know I could do some good work now—but papa insists on my going with him and I am afraid to refuse. I was horrified at his condition this afternoon. He is better now, but I can see he is breaking. He insists on going on with his canvass, and I must go with him—I hate it!" She broke forth suddenly. "I hate these self-seeking men—and their nasty, hypocritical wives. I must meet them all and pretend to like them They all call me 'Elsie' because some of them knew me when I was a child. I believe I like old Mary and Two Horns better."

"There is the point for me to exult, and say, aha! But I will not. You are voicing a mood now—not a conviction. It is well enough for me to ask, What does civilization matter? for the grapes all hang too high for me; but it would be monstrous for you to say life is not worth the living. Now, my philosophy is quite simple—So live that when you die you leave the world happier than when you entered it. I wouldn't civilize for the sake of civilizing, but to make a race happier. If what I have to teach will not add to their happiness, then I say let them alone."

"I would let them alone for another reason!"

"What is that?"

"They're not worth saving."

His brow darkened. "You're not in earnest about that If any race is worth saving all are. We are all but the forth-putting of life just as the grass is." His voice changed suddenly. "When you go, I wish you would leave this room just as it is—so that when I am tired and irritable and lonely I can come here and imagine myself a part of your world, with no race questions to settle and no duties to perform—absorbing peace and harmonious colors. Will you do this? These few hangings and lamps and easels you won't miss—and besides, you may come back again some time."

There was a light in his eyes and an intensity in his voice which startled her. She stammered a little.

"Why, of course—if it will give you the slightest pleasure—there is nothing here of any particular value."

Thank you. So long as I have this I shall be able to believe that you have not passed utterly out of my life."

She was a little alarmed now and hastened to say: "Why, of course not. I shall expect you to call when you come to Washington"—she checked herself at this point—"and, as you say, I may get back here when this panic has blown over."

"No—I can't believe that; I wish I could." He looked round the room. "Maybe, if you leave a brush or two, I'll try my hand at your art. I'm grateful to you. You've given me a dim notion of a new philosophy."

He bowed his head for a moment in deep thought. "It all comes down to just this: All arts and professions are a part of life, and life is a compromise between desire and duty. There are certain things I want to do to-day, but my duties for to-morrow forbid. You are right in going away with your father—I'm not one to keep you from doing that"—he was speaking with effort—"but I can't help saying that it has been a very great pleasure to have you here, and I hope you will be able to come again. I suppose you will go to-morrow morning?"

"I think so"

"In that case I shall not see you again."

"Why not? Will you not be here in the morning?"

"No; I am going out very early to arrest Cut Finger."

"Alone!"

"No. The Captain of the Police goes with me."

Her face paled a little. "Oh! I'm afraid—why don't you take the soldiers?"

"They are not necessary. I shall secure my man without violence. One of my policemen has reported his whereabouts. He is spending the night with a friend about twenty miles from here. I shall leave about four o'clock and surprise him in his bed. He will not fight me." He rose. "Are you ready to go now?"

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of December 14, 1901.

"In a moment," she said, and softly opened the door to see if her father were sleeping soundly. "Poor papa, he looks almost bloodless as he sleeps. I fear—I fear!"

"You will be alone—I mean, have you no relatives?"

"I have cousins on my father's side, and an aunt, my mother's sister. Your parents are living, Jennie told me."

"Yes, they are living with my elder brother in Los Angeles. I visited them last year."

As they stepped out into the darkness he realized that they were to take their last walk together, and the thought was both sweet and sad.

"Will you take my arm?" he asked. "It is very dark, though there should be a new moon"

"It has gone down—I saw it," she replied. "How peaceful it all is! It doesn't seem possible that to-morrow you will go to arrest a man at risk of your life and that I will leave here, never to return. I have a curious feeling about this place now—it seems as though I were at home here—that things will never change, but go on and on."

"I wish I had the same feeling. Women like you—you know what I mean, there are no women like you, of course. My opportunities for meeting cultivated women of any kind have been very few in the past ten years, and as long as I am an Indian Agent I must expect to live alone. I have a premonition that Jennie is going to leave me—as she ought."

"You will be very lonely then What will you do?"

"Work harder—do more good and so cheat myself into forgetfulness that time is flying."

"You are gloomy to-night."

"Why shouldn't I be when you are going away? It wouldn't be decent of me to be gay"

"Your methods of flattery are always effective. At one moment you discuss the weightiest matters with me—which argues I have brains—and then you grow gloomy over my going—which would seem to mean that you find me charming, but which I don't think is true."

"If I weren't a poor devil of an army officer I'd convince you of my sincerity by asking you not to go away at all."

"That *would* be convincing," she said laughingly. "Please don't do it!"

His tone became suddenly serious. "You are right; I can't ask any woman to share a life like mine. It is too uncertain. I may be ordered back to my regiment next winter and then from garrison to garrison—I really have no future. I think I shall then resign. But I am also unfitted for business—or for any money getting, and so I've decided that as an honorable man I must not imperil the happiness of a woman. I claim to be a man of taste, and the woman I might admire would have many other chances in life, and I can't afford to say to her, 'Give up all that and come with me to the frontier.' She would be foolish to do it—no woman of the kind I mean could do it." They were nearing "the parsonage" gate and he ended in a low voice: "Don't you think I am right?"

"The theory is, that nothing really counts in a woman's life but love," she replied softly.

"Yes, put theory aside——"

"Well, then, I can conceive of a girl—a very *young* girl—leaving wealth and friends and even her art for the man she loved, but——"

He waited a moment as a culprit listens to his judge. "But then—but in case——"

"If the girl were grown up and loved luxurious living, and shared an enthusiasm—say for music—then She broke off and said wearily: "Then she might falter, and measure values, and weigh chances—and take account of the future, and end by not marrying at all."

They had reached the gate and he said: "I've no right to ask it, of course, but if you take pity on my loneliness at any time and write to me, your letters will be more welcome than is seemly in me to say, and I'll promise not to bore you with details of my 'Injines.' Will you write to me?

"I will be glad to," she replied, but in her voice was something he did not understand. As they entered the house Elsie said: "Captain Maynard, Captain Curtis is going out to arrest that crazy Indian. Do you think he ought to go alone?"

"Certainly not! It would be too dangerous. He shall have an escort."

"No, no!" replied Curtis decisively. "I am safer to go unarmed and alone."

"George!" protested Jennie; "you *must* not go out there alone. Why don't you send the police?"

Maynard here interposed. "Don't take on worry—I'll go with him myself. I will not let him do a foolish thing"

This last hour in Elsie's company was very sweet to Curtis, for she was very gentle. She laid aside all hauteur, all perversity, and gave herself unreservedly to these good friends. They were all in the best of spirits, and the talk leaped from jest to protest and back to laughter, agile and aimless. The time and the place, the past and the future, counted for little to these four, for they were young and they were lovers.

At last Jennie rose. "If you people are to rise at four you must go to sleep. Good-night! Come, Elsie Bee Bee"

Maynard followed Jennie with some jest and Curtis seized the opportunity to delay Elsie. He offered his hand and she laid hers therein with a motion of half surrender.

"Good night, Captain; I appreciate your kindness more than I can say——"

"Don't try. I feel now that I have done nothing—nothing of what I should have done—but I didn't think you were to leave so soon. If I had known——"

"You have done more than you realize. Once more, good night"

"Good-night!" he said in an unsteady voice; "and remember, you promised to write!"

"I will keep my promise." She turned at the door "Don't try to write around your 'Injines.' I believe I'd like to hear how you get on with them."

"Defend me from mine enemies and I'll work out my problem"

"I'll do my best. Good-by!

"No, not good-by—just good-night!"

For a moment after she left him he stood meditating a further word. Then he stepped into the hall. Elsie, midway on the stairs, had turned and was glancing down at him with a look on her face at once wistful and perplexed. She guiltily lowered her eyelids and turned away, but that momentary pause—that subtle interplay of doubt and dream—had given the soldier a pleasure deeper than words

TWENTY-SIXTH CHAPTER

THE East was saffron and pale blue as Crow, Two Horns and the Agent drove out of the corral and up the road to the south. Two Horns was the driver. Crow alone was armed, and he wore but his one revolver. Maynard had been purposely left out of the expedition, for Curtis did not wish to seem to question, in the slightest degree, the obedience of his people. He went unarmed and without handcuffs or rope; as a friend and adviser, not as an officer of the law

The morning was deliciously cool, for a gentle wind was sliding down from the high peaks which were already glowing with the morning's pink and yellow

Passing rapidly through the two villages, Two Horns turned to the left and entered upon a rough road which climbed diagonally up the side of a long, low ridge. This was hard, slow work, and when the top was attained the sun met them full-fronted. In the smaller valley which lay between this ridge and the foothills a road led toward the mountains. This way Two Horns took, driving rapidly and silently. As it rose the road entered the pines and piñons which form the lower fringe of the vast and splendid robe of firs which covers the middle heights of the Middle Rocky Mountains.

After three hours of sharp driving, with scarcely a word or gesture, Crow turned and said: "Cut-Finger there. Black Wolf, his teepee."

The trail here took a sharp curve to the left to avoid a piece of stony ground, and from a little transverse ridge Curtis could look down on a temporary village of teepees, the band of Black Wolf, who had located here to cut hay on the marsh

"We must surprise Cut Finger if we can," said Curtis to Crow. "We must not shoot. I will talk to him. If he takes his gun to shoot—kill him; but I don't think he will want to fight."

The lads could be heard singing their wild songs as they climbed the hills for their ponies. Smoke was rising from each teepee, old women were pattering about the cooking lodges, and children and dogs and hens were outdoing each other in cheerful uproar as Crow drove up to where Black Wolf, an old man with thin gray hair, stood shielding his eyes with the scanty shadow of his bony wrist.

"Ho! Agent!" he cried; "why do you come to see us so early?"

"Is Cut-Finger here?"

"Yes—he is in there." He pointed to a teepee near.

"Be silent!" commanded Curtis, as he got out swiftly, but without apparent haste or excitement. Crow instantly followed him, alert and resolute. As they entered the teepee Cut-Finger roused from the willow hammock in which he was lying, and instinctively reached for his rifle which lay beneath him on the ground. He was dangerous as a half-wakened rattlesnake.

Curtis put his foot on the rifle, and said pleasantly "Good-morning, Cut-Finger; you sleep late."

The young man sat up and blinked stupidly, while Crow took the rifle from beneath the Agent's foot.

Curtis signed to Black Wolf. "This boy has killed a herder and I have come for him. You knew of his deed."

"I have heard of it," the old man replied with a gesture

"It is such men who bring trouble on the tribe," pursued Curtis. "They must be punished. Cut-Finger must go with me down to the Agency. He must not make more trouble

The news of the Agent's mission brought every soul hurrying to the teepee, for Cut-Finger had said: "I will fight the soldiers if they come. I will not go to prison."

"Crow, tell all these people outside that Cut-Finger has done a bad thing and must be punished; that unless such men are cast out by the Tetongs they will always be in trouble."

Crow lifted up his big, resounding voice and told what the Agent had said, and added: "You shall see, we will tak this man. I, Crow, Chief Soldier, have said it. It will be foolish for any one to resist."

The Agent, sitting before Cut Finger, signed: "I am your friend. I am sorry for you. I am sorry for any man who does wrong and suffers punishment. But you have injured your people; you made the white man very angry. He came ready to shoot—you saw how I turned him away. I said 'I will find the man who shot the herder; I will bring him; I do not want any one else to suffer.' Then you proclaimed yourself. You said: 'I alone did this thing.' Then you went on the hill to fight. I would not allow that. No more blood will be shed I will not he—I have come to take you. You will go to the white man's jail."

A whimpering cry arose, ending in a sighing moan of heart-piercing, uncontrollable agony, and Curtis, turning quickly, saw the wife of Cut-Finger looking at him from her blanket on the opposite side of the teepee. A shout of warn ing made him leap to his feet

Cut-Finger confronted Crow—his eyes glowing with desperate resolution. "*Sit down!*" commanded the Captain, using his fist in the sign with a powerful gesture. The fugitive could not endure his chief's eyes—he sank back on his couch and sat trembling

"If you touch the Little Father I will kill you," said Crow gruffly, as he stood with drawn revolver in his hand. "I, Crow, have said it!"

Black Wolf was looking on with lowering brow. "He says the white man was driving his sheep on our land"

"So he was," replied Curtis "but it is bad for the Tetongs when a white man is killed. It is better to come and tell me. When a red man kills a white man the white men say: 'Let us kill *all* the Tetongs—spare no one.' Cut-Finger said he was ready to die Well, then, let him go with me, and I will make his punishment as light as I can I am his friend—a friend to every Tetong. I will tell the war chief at Piñon City how it was, and he will say Cut-Finger was not alone to blame—the white man was also to blame. Thus the punishment will not be so heavy. Cut Finger is a young man, he has many years to live if he will do as I tell him. He will come back to his tribe by and by much wiser, and be a good man.

So by putting forth all his skill in gesture he conveyed to Cut Finger's mind a new idea—the idea of sacrificing himself for the good of the tribe. He also convinced the members of Black Wolf's band that their peace and safety lay in giving up to their Agent this troublesome youth, and so at last Cut-Finger rose and followed Curtis to the wagon wherein Two Horns still sat impassive and unafraid

As he put his hand on the carriage seat a convulsive shudder swept over Cut-Finger. He folded his arms, lifted his eyes to the hills and burst forth into a death-song, a chant so sad and so passionate that the Agent's heart grew chill. Answering sobs broke from the women, and the young wife of the singer came and fell at his feet, her little babe in her arms. The man sang

"I am going away,
I go to my death
The white man has said it
I am to die in a prison
I am young, but I must go—
I have a wife, but I must go
To die among the white men"

Curtis looked into the eyes of Black Wolf and perceived that the old man wavered. The wailing of the women, the young man's song, roused the warrior soul of him What to him was the killing of a "white robber?"

"Silence!" commanded Curtis, and the song ceased. "Get in, quick! You must not sing"

The ending of the song left the prisoner in a mood of gloomy yet passive exaltation. He climbed to his seat and sat with bowed head, his hands limply crossed

"Go on!" commanded Curtis, and Two Horns brought the whip down upon the horses. As they sprang forward a cry of agony burst from the bereaved young wife. At this cry Cut-Finger turned upon the Agent with hands opened like the claws of a bear—his face contorted with insane, desperate passion. Curtis seized him in a grip whose crunching power made itself felt to the marrow of the Tetong's bones, while his eyes, piercing with their iron resolution, cowed the half-crazed man, and he sank back into his seat a hopeless lump of swaying flesh.

He uttered no further word till the sound of a galloping horse made them all turn to see who followed

"My wife!" the prisoner said. "She carries my baby."

This was indeed true. The half frenzied wife was galloping after, riding a strong bay pony, the reins flapping loose while she held across the pommel of her saddle her little papoose, whose faint wailing told of his discomfort

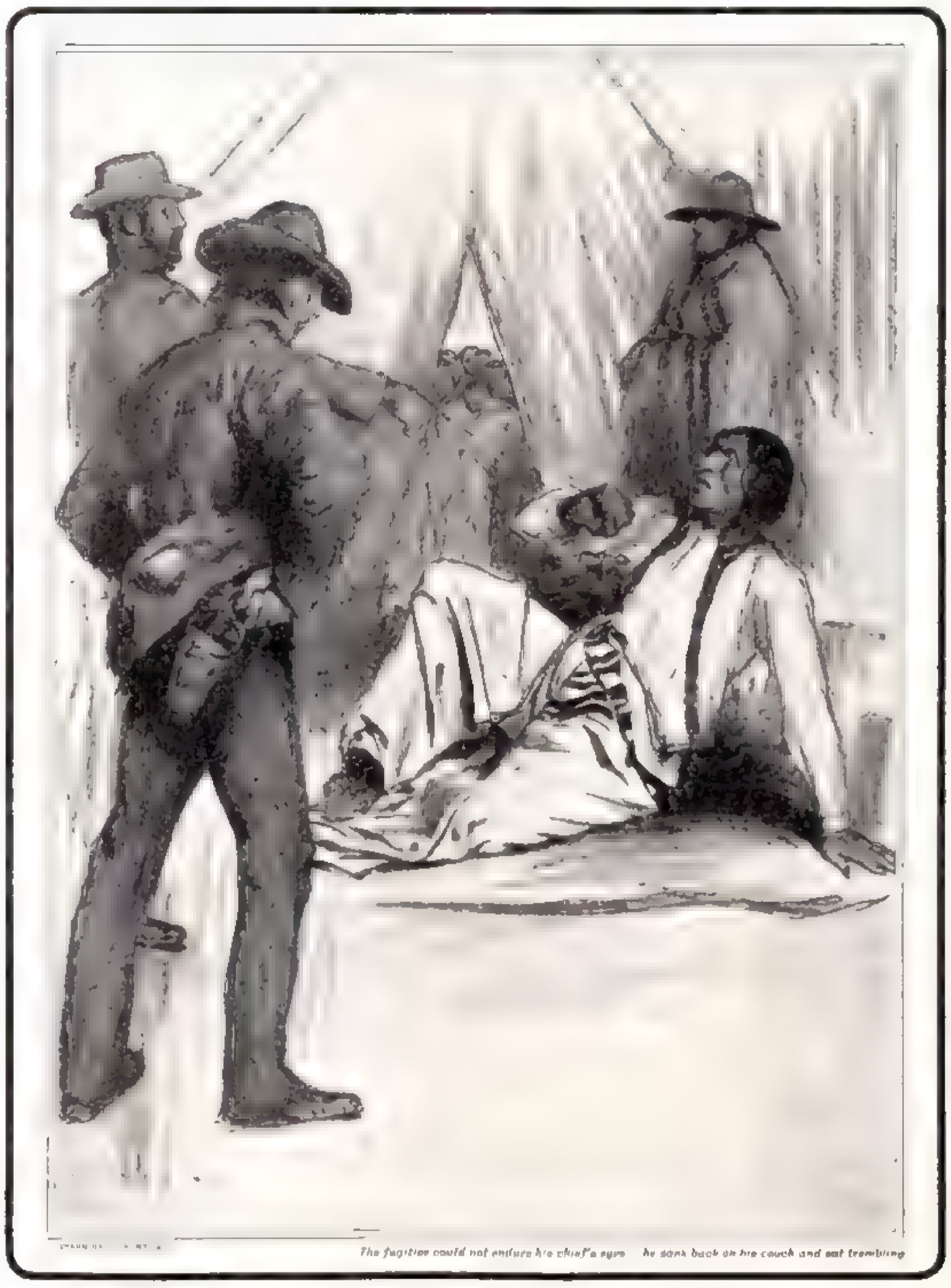
"Wait—me take papoose," the prisoner said in English with a note of command.

Curtis was deeply touched. He ordered Two Horns to halt, and Crow got out and took the babe and handed it to Cut Finger, who received it tenderly.

As they drove on Curtis felt a big lump rising in his throat It seemed a treacherous and sinful thing to do—to hand this man over to a savage throng of white men to be lynched "I will not do it," he said, "I will take him to Piñon City myself. He shall have trial as if he were white."

Cut-Finger thereafter spoke no word, did not even look back, though Curtis detected him turning his head whenever the sound of the galloping horse grew faint or died away for a few moments

As they entered the camp of Crawling Elk all the people were massed, waiting, listening—and their presence excited the prisoner greatly, and he began again to sing his death chant, which now seemed infinitely more touching by reason of the small creature he cradled so tenderly in his arms.



The fugitive could not endure his chief's eyes—he sank back on his couch and sat trembling

"Be silent!" commanded Curtis "You must not sing Drive fast, Two Horns!"

Answering wails and fragments of chanting broke from the women—one or two cried out: "Take him from the Agent!" But the men shook their heads and sadly watched them pass "He has done a foolish thing; he must now suffer for it."

As they drew up before the door of "the parsonage" Curtis sprang out and said to Cut-Finger:

"Give me the child; he shall be well cared for"

The father gave up the child passively and Curtis called to Jennie, who stood waiting at the door:

"Sis, here is a baby, tired and hungry—be good to it."

"Where is the mother?" asked Jennie as she tenderly received the little brown boy.

"Here she is," he replied as the mother galloped up and fairly tumbled off her horse. "See!" he said to her—and to the father: "My sister will give the baby milk and its mother shall also be fed. You need not fear: they will be taken care of. We are your friends."

Cut-Finger watched Jennie as she carefully carried the baby into the house, and then he turned away and on his face settled a look of apathetic, hopeless misery

Maynard, who had been standing beside the door, said in a tone of astonishment: "Did that wild Injun carry his babe all the way down?"

"Yes, and was as tender as a woman, too."

"Well, there's a whole lot for me to learn about Injuns yet! Want a guard?"

"Yes, I think it safer. There is a good deal of sympathy for this poor chap."

"I don't blame 'em very much," said Maynard. "Take him right down to our guard-house and I'll detail a squad of men to take care of him."

"I intended doing that. I can't find it in my heart to give him over into the hands of these whites—they'd lynch him"

"I believe it."

As they passed the Agency gate Winters and his County Attorney stepped out as if they expected to receive the prisoner, but the savage grin on the Sheriff's face died out as Curtis nodded coldly and drove past

"Did you have any trouble?" asked Maynard.

"Not a bit."

"Nice thing, your leaving me out of it in this way"

"Have the Brisbanes gone?" asked Curtis

"Yes. Got away about eight o'clock. Lawson went with them, though he's coming back to see you clear of this war He's a crackerjack, is Lawson, but the old man has you marked for slaughter."

It was good to be able to turn his prisoner over to the bluecoats and feel that he would not be taken away, except properly and in order. Lynching does not go under the eyes of the men in blue

The room used for guard-house had been the kitchen of a small log house, and Curtis led his man in and motioned him to a seat. He then said in signs.

"You are safe now from the cattlemen. I am your friend, remember that. I myself will take you to the white chief's big village. I will not let the war chief have you. I will turn you over to the wise man—the man who will judge your case. I will let your wife and your little son go with you. So you see I am indeed your Little Father. I am very sorry you have shot this man, but you must be punished, I cannot prevent that"

As he met the Sheriff he said quietly: "I have decided to accompany you to Piñon City"

The Sheriff was not greatly surprised.

"Oh, very well But I don t see the need of it."

"I do!" replied Curtis and his tone silenced discussion Going immediately to the house, Curtis flung himself down in his chair and submitted to Jennie's anxious care. She brought him some coffee and biscuit, and stood with her hand on his shoulder while he ate. "You must be tired and hungry, Geordie."

"It has been a hard week."

"Well, they're gone—Lawson and all."

He put his coffee cup down, for he could not swallow, hungry though he was. She understood his feeling and went on: "Do you know, that old bear of a Senator Brisbane never said 'How d'ye do?' or 'Come again,' to me! He didn't even look this way, so far as I could see. Jack said Lawson gave him particular Johnny for his boorishness. Elsie cried when she said good-by. She said she hated to go, and I believe she meant it. George, I never saw a greater change in any one than in that girl. Do you remember how she was last fall? I never supposed I should come to love her. I hated her for her treatment of you then, but—I think she has a different feeling toward us now—toward you especially. I think—she was crying because she was—going—away—from—you."

He looked up at her and smiled incredulously. "Your loyalty to me, Sis, is more than I deserve."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

Our Growing Appetite

THE contrast between the recent ratification by unanimous vote of the treaty for the purchase of the Danish West Indies and the contemptuous refusal by the Senate to take any action on a similar treaty thirty-five years ago is a measure of the change in American ideas within the space of a generation. Formerly we looked inward. Our attention was entirely concentrated upon domestic problems. We had no hunger for more territory. It was said of us in compliment that we were the only country in the world that looked at an offered piece of land before swallowing it. True, we had expanded enormously, but our expansions had been really domestic and almost unconscious. They had been made under the spur of immediate necessity. The backwoodsmen of Kentucky and Ohio wanted to float their lumber and provisions down the Mississippi to market. To give them a chance to do that we had to have the port of New Orleans. In trying to buy New Orleans, Jefferson unexpectedly found himself loaded with the whole of Louisiana. Fugitive slaves, outlaws and Indians across the Southern border made trouble for the planters of Georgia and Mississippi; so we bought Florida. American settlers swarmed into Oregon, Texas and California and dragged the Government after them, much against the will of a great part of our people. The purchase of Alaska was regarded as a harmless fad of Seward's, to which the Senate consented rather than offend our friend, Russia.

In 1870, when Grant was at the height of his popularity and power, and his party had more than a three-fourths' majority in the Senate, he was unable to secure the ratification of a treaty for the annexation of Santo Domingo, although he had set his heart on the scheme and strained his influence to the uttermost for its accomplishment. In 1893 Harrison could not carry through the annexation of Hawaii. Even four years ago a proposition to buy the Philippines for $20,000,000 or to take them as a gift would not have commanded a dozen votes in the Senate. The idea of undertaking their conquest in a struggle as long as the Civil War would have been regarded as the vagary of a maniac.

Now the Senate ratifies, without a single dissenting voice, a treaty for the purchase of the Danish West Indies. There is a standing committee on Pacific Islands and Porto Rico, and now its name is to be changed to that of the "Committee on the Pacific and West India Islands." That will leave room for any more accessions that may come hereafter.

It does not seem to be generally remembered that, in his message of May 31, 1870, Grant announced a very important corollary of the Monroe Doctrine—one whose significance Europe is just beginning to appreciate: "The doctrine promulgated by President Monroe," he said, "has been adhered to by all political parties, and I now deem it proper to assert the equally important principle that hereafter no territory on this continent shall be regarded as subject to transfer to a European Power." The President showed the Senate that Santo Domingo commanded the Caribbean Sea and the Isthmian transit commerce, that it possessed the richest soil, the best and most capacious harbor, the most salubrious climate and the most valuable products of forest, mine and soil of any of the West India Islands, that in case of foreign war it would give us command of all those islands, that its possession by us would in a few years build up a coastwise commerce of immense magnitude which would go far toward restoring our lost merchant marine, and that it would enable us to produce our own sugar, coffee, tobacco and tropical fruits.

Notwithstanding all these inducements, the Senate coldly refused to have anything to do with Santo Domingo, any more than with St. Thomas. Probably it would treat the matter differently to-day. The appetite for islands is an acquired taste, but the education of our palate in that direction seems to be pretty far advanced.

The essential thing in getting rich is not so much knowing that there are millions in a scheme as knowing how to get them out.

Some Insurance Novelties

THE queer ramifications which insurance takes among our British cousins are occasionally brought to our attention. Thus at the time of Queen Victoria's death it seemed odd to an American to read of how thousands of her subjects had taken out policies on her life payable to themselves in the event of her death. This sort of insurance is quite unknown in this country. There are said to be insurance companies in England which will insure you against any possible contingency that the imagination of man can conjure up. We are told that you may insure yourself against being kept awake at night by the howling of your neighbor's dog; however, this may be a traveler's tale.

But certainly it is true enough that you may take out insurance against having smallpox, since all classes just now are said to be flocking to the London underwriters' offices for this form of insurance, and the clerks and brokers have for several weeks been working long after hours. If you have been vaccinated you can get a policy for 2s. 6d. per cent.; if not it costs you about a third more, though if you live in the East End the premium runs up to nearly ten times as much. Some policies for as high as seven thousand pounds have been issued, though the average is reported as about five hundred pounds. An interesting feature of the movement is that the unvaccinated who have been insured are now quite indifferent to vaccination. Clear-sighted business men, these: after having paid the fancy rate why should they reduce their chances to win?

Perhaps some of the English forms of insurance might well be introduced into this country. It would at least add to the gayety of the nation. In Presidential election years enthusiastic Republicans could take out whopping big policies against what they would consider the terrible calamity of the election of a Democrat; and the active Democrats could return the compliment. Fathers of marriageable daughters could insure against their wedding impecunious foreign noblemen. If the Englishman finds it advantageous to insure against the appearance of twins in his family, why may not the American? Let us insure against the coming of poor relations for long visits, being run over by automobiles, getting a flock of chickens that won't lay, falling into the clutches of a cross janitor, being drawn on the jury, accepting the advice of a friend in the matter of Wall Street, getting a domestic who won't be discharged, being induced to run for office, becoming lost in Boston and similar calamities. The country minister on a small salary ought to be able to insure against donation parties. And a policy which would be certain to become popular would be one promising indemnity against being talked to death by insurance agents.

A self made man isn't necessarily religious because he praises his maker.

Germany Our Strongest Rival

NOT England, but Germany, is now the strongest competitor of the United States for foreign trade. It is not that the exports of Germany are actually, as yet, more than those of Great Britain, but that they promise soon to become so.

The average monthly exportations of the United States in 1901 were $119,840,333 and those of Great Britain were only $113,753,987. For the entire year the exports of the United States exceeded those of Great Britain by some $75,000,000, the total for each country running far above the billion dollar mark. The exports of Great Britain for 1901 were $52,000,000 less in value than its exports of 1900. So far as Great Britain is concerned, our "Commercial Invasion" has been successful. We are the leading export country of the world, and are, therefore, still ahead of Germany, as well as ahead of England.

Germany, indeed, increased its exports by some $5,000,000 during the past year over its exports for 1900. That country, however, is still behind Great Britain, being third among the exporting countries of the world; but it is in the wise present energy of Germany and in the future probabilities that the danger to our own supremacy lies.

In every port of the world Germany is pushing her advantages. German merchants and manufacturers are sending agents everywhere. The German flag flies in every sea. German shipping enters every port.

It is in this matter of shipping that the progress of the Germans is most astonishingly seen. There are constant new developments along this line, but we need consider no more than one single example.

A recent report from our Consul General at Bangkok gives amazing figures. He says that about eighty per cent. of the regular trade of that port is now under the German flag. He says that in 1899, 1900 and 1901 the great bulk of shipping entering the port was either British or German. But mark the relative changes.

In 1899, 298 British ships entered Bangkok and only 74 German. In 1900 the Germans seized the lead, having 194 to the British 168. In the first six months of 1901 (the latest time for which figures are obtainable) we find the lead amazingly increased, with the Germans 133 ships to the British 79.

The shipping of the rest of the world was scarcely worth mentioning: the French, with less than 30 ships a year, being next to the Germans and British in importance.

It is the Germans that we are most strongly to meet in competition. We may laugh at a certain slowness and a certain tendency to phlegm—but the Germans are a wonderful race. And what the Germans once get they keep. They will never, for example, give up their Alsace and Lorraine. When Frederick the Great seized Silesia all Europe turned against him, but he continued to hold it with bulldog tenacity of grip. The armies of Russia swept into Germany but were driven out with frightful loss. Napoleon overran the country, but all Germany arose and Leipsic paid for Jena. The rapid and steady development from little Brandenburg to mighty Germany is one of the most instructive facts in modern history; and it is typical of the German character.

Their victories in war and on the Continent, the Germans plan to surpass in commerce and throughout the world. Germany is our most dangerous commercial rival.

The farmer who has just finished plowing his quarter section doesn't know what Alexander meant by crying because there were no more worlds to conquer.

Unsaved Savings

FINANCIERS who object to the introduction of postal savings banks into this country ought to take particular pains to prevent the recurrence of such incidents as the wrecking of the City Savings Bank of Detroit. Things of that sort do more to arouse a sentiment in favor of postal banks than all the agitators in America could accomplish in fifty years. The American private savings bank system is, on the whole, sound and well managed. It has done admirable work in promoting thrift and developing our national resources. Most of the men who control the banks have a keen sense of the great responsibility they have assumed, but from time to time comes an incident, now in San Francisco, then in Newark, and next in Detroit, carrying distress to thousands of depositors and checking public confidence in the whole system. Whatever might be the economic objections to postal savings banks, it is at least certain that none of their depositors would ever lose a cent by them. To the scores of thousands of sufferers who have seen all their painfully built defenses against destitution swept away by unfaithful bank officials, that consideration is one that will outweigh a good many faults. The fact that no country that has once had a postal bank system has ever voluntarily abandoned it seems to show that a sense of perfect security is one of those things for which familiarity does not breed contempt.

In this Detroit case, it is said that the vice president of the bank induced the cashier to certify checks to the amount of nearly a million dollars when there was no money on hand to meet them. We hear a good deal about corruption and mismanagement in politics, but there is no department of the Government in which such a thing would be possible. Defalcations on a large scale are practically unknown in the Government's service, and the idea of a public official's securing $900,000 at one haul, with the collusion of a single cashier, is simply unthinkable.

It is probable that this Detroit affair will reduce thousands to comparative poverty. That happens in almost every case of the kind. But the evil will not stop there. It will tend, as such things always do, to discourage thrift everywhere. A certain number of people will decide that it is better for them to enjoy their money while they have it than to save it by patient self denial to be squandered by some bank official. If the demand for postal savings banks is not to become irresistible, the managers of private banks will do well to study the methods by which defalcations are prevented in the Government service and try to imitate them.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

"Fighting Bob" as an Evangelist

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans

"WHEN 'Fighting Bob' went to meet Prince Henry," said a Southern clergyman, "he was not mistaken for some one else as he once was in a small town in my State. The church over which I presided had sent for a revivalist to come and hold a series of meetings. This traveling preacher was an exhorter of some fame in our denomination, but I had never had the pleasure of meeting him. With one of the pillars of my church I went down to the station to welcome him. For some reason the revivalist had missed the train. However, a stranger, smooth-shaven and, to our minds, gravely clerical, alighted. He wore a frock coat and silk hat, and I remember that I inwardly congratulated myself and my fellowship in securing the spiritual services of so forceful and intelligent a man.

"I was not so familiar then as I have since become with the pictures of 'Fighting Bob.' Perhaps if I had been expecting the hero I should have recognized him instantly, but my mind was centred on meeting the evangelist.

"I helped the stranger to a seat in my buggy and we drove to the parsonage. On the way I remarked that I felt confident that his visit to our town would have the effect of bringing many to the mourners' bench. His reply that he had expected no such doleful results from his brief stay struck me at the time as a bit peculiar, but, of course, I held my peace. When I said that we had looked forward to his coming with great anticipation of rich harvests, and he replied that he had hoped to escape unrecognized, I marveled somewhat, but put it down to excessive modesty. Then he grew silent, and I said to myself that he was communing with the saints.

If he had for a moment drawn upon his famous virile vocabulary I should have realized that I was entertaining something more than an angel unawares, but my clerical garb, proclaiming my calling, doubtless operated to give circumspection to his speech.

'Arrived at the parsonage I introduced him to our friends there as one who had been instrumental in sending many souls to Heaven.

"By this time our stranger had evidently come to the conclusion that there had been some mistake, but he was, apparently, enjoying his unaccustomed rôle.

"'Under Providence,' said he, 'I have assisted in a humble way in translating certain spirits to other fields of activity, but until now I had always taken pleasure in believing that they had gone to a far warmer locality than our brother mentions.'

Now I knew that we had made some serious mistake, and I said so, and asked him his name.

"'Why,' said he, 'I thought you knew me. My name is Evans, of the United States Navy.'

"'Bob Evans, "Fighting Bob" Evans?' I exclaimed.

'That's what my friends call me,' he replied.

Well, we gave him a reception and pressed him to address our meeting that night, but he begged to be excused, saying that he had stopped over for only a few hours on business, but he assured us that to be mistaken for an evangelist was an honor far above any of the glories of war it had been his fortune to achieve."

The clergyman who related the story was asked if he had ever learned for certain that his visitor was really Admiral Evans.

"Now, that's a new question," he replied. "I had never thought of doubting it."

Captain Clark's Fruit Story

Capt. Chas. E. Clark

CAPTAIN CHARLES E. CLARK, who has been chosen as one of the representatives of the United States to attend the coronation of King Edward VII, belongs to Vermont, but because of his service on the Pacific Coast, and for the further reason that it was from that point that he started on his memorable cruise around Cape Horn, the people of the far West lay special claim to him as their hero. He is particularly popular in San Francisco, and his old comrades of the Mechanics' Library Club, of which he was an honored member, delight to recall the stories with which he enlivened their gatherings.

"Captain Clark," said one of his former fellow whist players, "was very fond of our California fruit, and like all other Easterners was vastly surprised, at first, at the high prices charged for it in San Francisco. Because of its prodigal abundance in our State he supposed that it would be very cheap in the Pacific Coast metropolis.

"At one time during Captain Clark's sojourn with us a national convention of some sort was held in San Francisco, and we were all amused at various exhibitions of surprise manifested by our visitors over things in general. At our club the subject was raised as to the most humorous thing we had ever seen in San Francisco. One member said that the most comical thing in his recollection was the action of pawnbrokers in putting up signs of welcome just as other city merchants did during the sessions of a Bankers' Convention.

"When it came Captain Clark's turn he said that he could not be expected to enter the lists as a chronicler of Western humor, but that he had heard something that night at a fruit stand that had amused him.

'He had just left the Palace Hotel, and was passing a fruiterer's when a woman, richly dressed, and whose voice told of culture, said to the dealer:

'Give me five cents' worth of mixed fruit, please, mostly [illegible] apples.'

"Beating" the Supreme Court

Among his old newspaper acquaintances in Chicago Mr. Charles M. Pepper, who has just been appointed Commissioner to represent the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in Cuba and Porto Rico, is known for his devotion to work. An old Tribune reporter tells this story of how Mr. Pepper once astonished the staff of that paper.

"Never had he failed to report for duty at four o'clock in the afternoon, and when, one day, the hands of the office clock crept on to five without his arrival the news of the delay traveled down the corridor like a rumor of a cut in salaries. Charlie Pepper an hour late! And when he did come he went into the managing editor's office with a guilty, apologetic expression that we had never before seen on his face.

A few moments later the office boy spread the report that the dialogue with the managing editor had been about like this:

"'I'm late—a whole hour, sir.'

"'What's the trouble?'

"'Got married this afternoon. But I won't let it occur again.'"

As a Washington correspondent he was a marvel of hard work. Some of his associates called him The Ferret. Perhaps his most brilliant news "beat" was in giving to his paper the exclusive and correct account of the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the famous Chicago Lake Front Case.

This created consternation in the office of every other large paper in the country, and the feat was so sensational that, for a time, it was feared he would be arrested for contempt of court.

It was called to his attention that there would be no possible appeal from that court and that he might be imprisoned indefinitely without possibility of release.

He was not, however, called to face contempt proceedings, but even to his most intimate friends he has never been known to relate how he obtained his famous "scoop."

The Colonel Who Knew Not Wilson

General James H. Wilson

WHEN the late Charles A. Dana was Assistant Secretary of War he was commissioned to go to the front and, in semi-official letters to give his impressions of the officers of Grant's army for the purpose of assisting President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton in forming their judgment of military leaders.

Of General James H. Wilson, one of the Commissioners appointed by President Roosevelt to represent the United States at the Coronation of King Edward, Mr. Dana wrote, under date of Cairo, Illinois, July 13, 1863:

Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, Inspector-General, is a captain of engineers in the regular army, and has rendered valuable services in that capacity. He has remarkable talents and uncommon executive power, and will be heard from hereafter.

"General Wilson abundantly fulfilled that prediction," said Brigadier General John F. Weston, Commissary-General of the Army. "I had the honor," continued General Weston, "to serve on General Wilson's staff during his famous cavalry campaign. In the opinion of his men and in the estimate of Grant himself, General Wilson was a remarkably brilliant soldier. General Wilson was very young when made a cavalry commander. In fact, he was but twenty-seven years of age when he assisted in the final triumphs of the war.

An officer in the War Department at Washington tells of an incident in which the youth and the still more youthful appearance of General Wilson during the Civil War almost led a distinguished Colonel to send in his resignation. "It is an interesting bit of unwritten history," said the officer who relates the story.

"Shortly after Grant had put General Wilson in charge of a large force of cavalry and while his brilliant exploits were being heralded throughout the country, Colonel —— was transferred from the Army of the Potomac and assigned to duty under General Wilson. The Colonel knew a number of Wilson's officers personally and was popular among them. He was a stern and brave soldier on the battlefield, but in social hours was something of a Bohemian. On the night of his arrival at General Wilson's camp the General was temporarily absent and the Colonel and his old friends celebrated their reunion.

"The next morning the Colonel went to the General's headquarters to report for duty. It was in August, and the General, in white duck, entirely divested of military emblems, was keeping cool in a hammock where he was diligently studying a topographical map. Somehow the Colonel, who had never met Wilson, got it into his head that this youth was a newspaper correspondent and, so believing, he did not hesitate to address him familiarly, saying that he had arrived only the night before and had, he feared, tarried too long at the wassail bowl.

"'I understand,' added the Colonel, 'that General Wilson is very strict about that sort of thing.'

'The General,' replied General Wilson, suppressing his amusement over the Colonel's unwitting confession, 'seeks to impress his officers with the necessity of keeping their faculties clear for possible emergencies at any hour.'

"'Do you think,' persisted the hapless Colonel, 'that my appearance would betray me?'

'Only to the practiced eye,' responded the General, 'but I should advise you to walk around a little while before reporting.'

"The Colonel took his advice and after a while returned. When he discovered that the youth he had seen in the hammock was in reality the dashing cavalry leader, the Colonel was in a worse condition than he had been the night before, but the General put him at his ease after exacting a pledge that he would not drink again, except on a physician's order, while the war lasted.

The vow was rigidly kept.

Mr. Depew's Funny Mistake

Mr. Whitelaw Reid

MR. WHITELAW REID, who is to go as Special Ambassador of the United States to the Coronation of King Edward, has had much experience in public and diplomatic affairs. He was Minister to France under President Harrison's Administration, and one of the Peace Envoys who drew up the terms of agreement with Spain after the end of the recent war. He is a very rich man, being the chief owner and editor of the New York Tribune, and the son-in-law of Mr. D. Ogden Mills, the California millionaire.

In 1892 Mr. Reid was the Vice-Presidential candidate on the Republican ticket with Benjamin Harrison. A great Republican ratification meeting, which Mr. Reid was to attend, was arranged at Carnegie Hall in the course of this campaign. A box was reserved for his special use on the second tier.

Just above him a box was set aside for Mr. Chauncey M. Depew.

The meeting was well under way before Mr. Reid arrived. As soon as the great audience saw him enter his box there was a demonstration. Hats were thrown in the air, hands were clapped, and hurrahs went up everywhere. Mr. Reid is a man of much dignity. At times, it is said, when he has a few congenial spirits about him, he can unbend and be as jovial as any one. But ordinarily he is dignified almost to the point of austerity.

On this particular occasion even the wild enthusiasm of the men and women in the big hall did not melt his reserve. He rose to the welcome and bowed in the courtly, graceful manner for which he is famous, without, however, relaxing a muscle of his face or venturing a smile.

The crowd kept up its tumult. He bowed again. And still they cried, and still he bowed. And the more he bowed, the more they cheered and huzzaed. He tried to sit down, but, evidently, the crowd wouldn't have it.

Even so reserved a man as Mr. Reid is not proof against the continued cheers of a great assemblage. At last he could no longer resist the clamor. He stepped to the front of the box and was just about to say a few words when an uproarious shout of laughter swept over the hall. Instantly the distinguished candidate for Vice-President froze up. The laughter increased until it became almost hysterical.

Mr. Reid was at first puzzled, and then angered. His anger had almost approached the boiling point when some one started the yell:

"No! no! Reid! Reid! Reid!"

The cry swelled louder and louder, but mingling with it were distinct yells of laughter. Mr. Reid, in disgust, had almost made up his mind to withdraw from the box when one of the members of the committee rushed in.

"They want you on the platform, Mr. Reid," he said.

"Well, then, what in the world are they laughing at me for?" demanded that gentleman.

"Why, it's all a mistake. Depew's got the box above you, and when the crowd began to shout a welcome at your arrival Mr. Depew thought they were calling for him. He is so accustomed to being in the limelight, you know. He hasn't discovered his error yet, but a man has gone up there to see him."

At that Mr. Reid's reserve melted away entirely and he joined with the others in the laugh.

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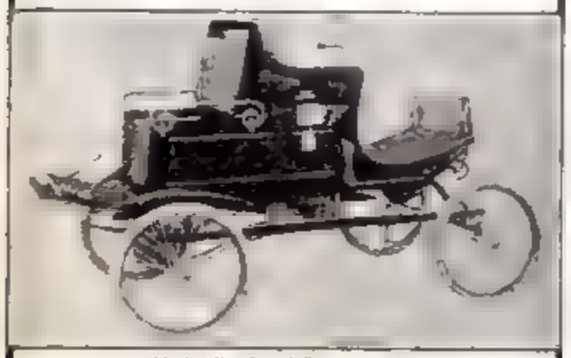
Simplicity, Economy, Reliability characterize the Stearns' Carriages—the product of highly skilled designers and workmen. Built more substantially than the lighter types and without the ponderous appearance of the road machines of the day.



Model B. Doctor's Coupe, or Trap.

Model B has a seating capacity of four persons, seating them back to back. It may be used equally well for two persons by turning down the back of the seat and folding up the foot board, thus giving it the appearance of a Runabout.

9 Models. Illustrated Catalog on Application.

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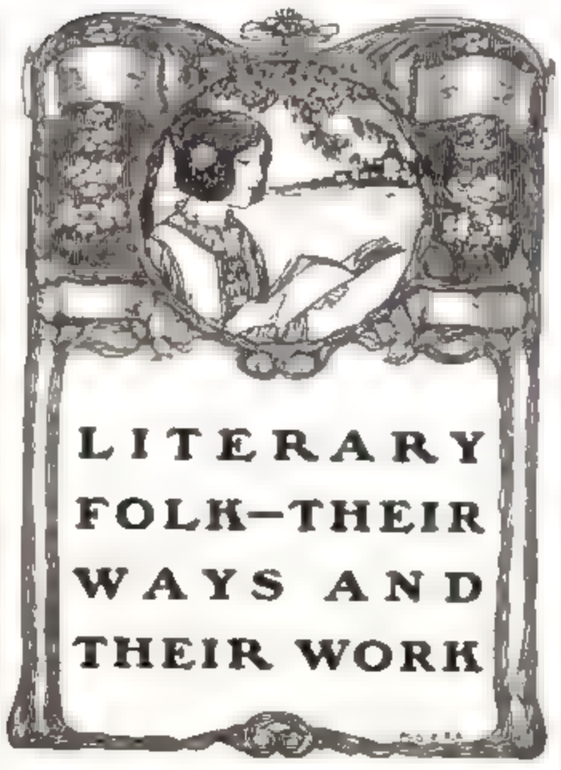

LITERARY FOLK—THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WORK

A Stirring Romance

Mr. Test Dalton

Devotees of the Historical Romance will no doubt give this stirring tale of Henry of Navarre and Maria de Medici a hearty reception. (The Rôle of the Unconquered; by Test Dalton. *G. W. Dillingham Company*) Those who hold that these imposing and elaborately decorated and illustrated romance novels of the present day are but the "yellow backs" of a decade since, disguised in board covers, are quite as certain to denounce Mr. Dalton's offering as "more trash." In short, this story is your Historical Romance to the limit; its faults are the faults of its class and its virtues are those most sought in its kind. From its first chapter to its last there is always "something doing," and the fact that the business of the moment and the movements of its august heroes, heroines and villains are delightfully untrammeled by the fetters of probability is only praise to those who worship at the shrine of Historical Romance.

In one particular, however, Mr. Dalton has failed to make the most of his opportunity. As a skillful stage manager he should not delay the appearance of his heroine until the thirteenth chapter. It is well to work up a good appetite; but abstinence too protracted brings reaction. This, however, is the only opening which the book affords for the charge of not keeping things moving up to the regulation quickstep of the Historical Romance.

It is scarcely possible to read this story without acquiring the conviction that it was first cast in the author's mind for a play instead of a novel; and by the same token the conclusion is inevitable that under the hand of a skillful playwright it might be made more effective behind the footlights than between covers. In its swift movement, its vivid play of contrasts, its opportunities for brilliant and picturesque scenic effects, and its unlagging play of intrigue and action—in all these elements it is essentially dramatic and seems already half adapted to stage reproduction, the four "books" of the novel being easily read as the four acts of a play.

Mr. Dalton is a young Indianian, and has spent much time in London and on the Continent. In years he is little beyond his majority.

—*Forrest Crissey*

Booth Tarkington Under Fire

Although Mr. Booth Tarkington is a Princeton man, he has a decided fondness for the associations of "Old Purdue" and greatly enjoys recalling the stirring events of his year in that university, which is located at Lafayette, Indiana. The most moving of these experiences came as a consequence of his first venture into the field of journalism.

After securing an appointment as the college correspondent of the Lafayette Journal, young Tarkington looked about him for a few crying needs on which to exercise the reformative power of the press. He did not have long to look, for he soon found what he deemed abundant grounds for criticism in the conduct and bearing of the autocratic

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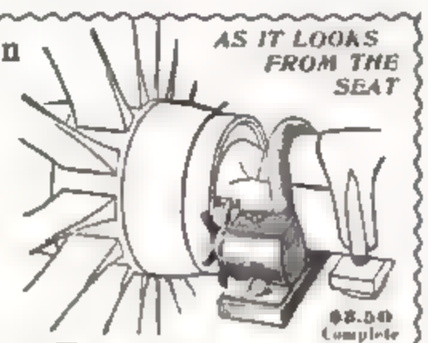

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motorman who operated the electric car that ran between the centre of the town and the university. So in his letters to the paper he began to exercise his powers of criticism and irony at the expense of the motorman, and these anonymous efforts aroused considerable interest among the students.

One night, however, as he was standing on the front platform, the motorman pulled from his pocket a revolver of impressive proportions and grimly remarked: "I reckon I've found out the young chap that put them pieces in the paper about me—an' I guess something about that size would be the right thing for him, don't you? Just take a look into the muzzle of that gun."

There was no opportunity to make an escape, for the motorman occupied a closed "pilot house" in front, and until the car reached the end of the trip Tarkington was given ample opportunity to make a close and scientific study of the six shooter. When the car stopped the gun was still in the hand of the motorman and it was not until Tarkington was well across the campus that he was able wholly to dismiss the feeling that a ball from the revolver which he had been studying was about to overtake him.

In connection with the versatility of Mr. John Philip Sousa the bandmaster, who has just published The Fifth String, a love story in which Satan himself figures as a help for the dispirited lover, it is interesting to note that Mr. Sousa is not the only one who appears on the stage who has a literary bent toward the supernatural, for Mr. Richard Mansfield a few years ago published a book of fairy tales, entitled Blown Away.

It would naturally be supposed that Miss Hildegard Brooks, the author of The Master of Caxton, one of the spring books of the Scribners, is a Southerner, for her story is a love tale of the South, with sympathetic descriptions of Southern mansions and Southern life. As a matter of fact, however, Miss Brooks is a Northerner, and her home is at a delightful spot on the Hudson River. She lived in the South for some time, however, as her father purchased a large estate in Georgia. Miss Brooks is one of the youthful writers of the day, having only reached her twenty-second year.

We do not have in the United States any man of letters who, like Kipling, is a constant critic of the Government. But, if we had an American Kipling who should leap into verse with such phrases as "flanneled fools" and "muddied oafs," how the English would heap scorn upon us for what they would term "the intemperate language" used in our political controversies! Mr. Kipling has been seen in Africa, where he has been visiting Mr. Cecil Rhodes (where the empire maker has a beautiful mansion filled with antique furniture, rare china and paintings) and has declared that his condemnation was meant only for stay at home athletes.

The naming of a book is an ever-recurring problem for authors to meet, and it is curious to note how frequently titles resemble each other. Red Rock and Black Rock, The Strength of the Hills and The Strength of the Weak, The Cavalier and A Carolina Cavalier—these are but a few of the many examples.

In a bulletin of recent books there are twenty-eight titles beginning with the word "Old," although that is a word which would not be thought of as being a special favorite with authors. There are Old Ace, Old Age, Old Ballads in Prose, Old Bowen's Legacy, Old Cottages and Farmhouses in Kent and Sussex, Old Dusty's Story, Old Evangel and the New Evangelism, Old Farm, Old Fort Schuyler, Old Glory, Old Gospel for the New Age, Old Graham Place, Old Hemlocks, Old House by the Sea, Old Jed Prouty, Old King Cole's Book of Nursery Rhymes, Old Knowledge, Old Mission Rhymes, Old National Road, Old New York Frontier, Old Ocean's Ferry, Old Orchard Beach, Old Plantation, Old School Days, Old Songs for Young America, Old Testament in the Jewish Church, Old-time Gardens, Old Times in Dixie Land, and there is even Olde Irish Rimes of Brian O'Linn.

There are in this same bulletin twenty titles given which begin with the word "Love." The word "Under" is also a favorite, as, Under a Lucky Star, Under Fate's Wheel, Under MacArthur in Luzon, Under Reckless Rule, Under the Allied Flags, Under the Berkeley Oaks, Under the Black Raven, Under the Darkness of the Night, Under Tops'ls and Tents, Under the Skylights and Under the Redwoods.

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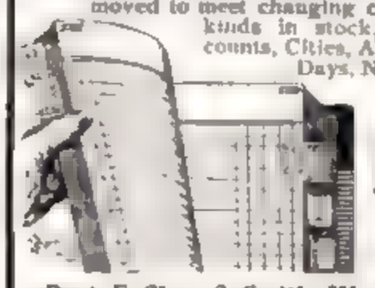

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There has been of late an extraordinary "boom" in Indian baskets, for the collecting of which a fad has sprung up. Some specimens have been sold for more than $1000 apiece—baskets made by certain tribes in Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico being chiefly in demand—and speculators are actually buying up expert workers at unheard-of rates, and contracting for their services for life. In this way one squaw at Carson City has disposed of her entire future output in return for a guarantee of maintenance for herself and husband in easy circumstances so long as they may live. Meanwhile she is to do nothing but make baskets for one concern.

To persons uninstructed in such matters the prices asked and paid for the baskets are amazing. A specimen worth $1000, in the present state of the market, does not look as if it had a value of that many cents. But, if people will indulge in the luxury of a fad, it is reasonable that they should pay accordingly.

It is true that these baskets are often very beautifully made, and the skill shown in the weaving of them is remarkable. Quality and price are determined mainly by the fineness of texture and the character of the design. Exclusiveness of design is also important. If a particular squaw has a pattern of her own, not successfully or commonly imitated by others, it counts for a good deal, one of her baskets possessing the same sort of value as a rare postage stamp.

The fad is useful, inasmuch as it gives profitable employment to many poor persons. In the finer grade of baskets the maidenhair fern furnishes material for the black design on white. Another plant used is the "devil's claw," plentiful in Arizona, the stem of it serving the basket-maker's purpose. Willow and "squaw root" are utilized largely for the coarser parts of the white baskets.

The Indians of the Southwest know how to make baskets that will hold water, and in the deserts of that part of the country the aborigines use such materials in the manufacture of water bottles, which are so shaped that their contents cannot be spilled. In the desert, water is life; when it is gone the traveler dies. Hence every precaution must be taken against losing it, and the non-spilling receptacle for liquid refreshment is a utensil of the highest practical usefulness.

American Sponge Culture

During the present winter the United States Fish Commission is continuing in Florida waters certain experiments which were begun last year in the propagation of sponges. Though it is as yet too early to be confident of results, the success thus far obtained has been very gratifying. That sponges of commercial varieties can be planted and grown by artificial means seems to be proved, and it only remains to ascertain whether the work can be made profitable on a large scale.

Reckless fishing has seriously diminished the supply of sponges along the shores of Florida, and it is of urgent importance that something be done to increase the crop. The process of artificial culture is simple enough, pieces about the size of one's thumb being cut from living sponges and attached with wires to boards, poles or pieces of rock in water only a few feet deep. The cutting is done on a wet board with a knife or a fine saw, care being taken to retain the outer skin as far as possible and to avoid injury to the animal. So rapidly do the cuttings grow that within from two to five years they are large enough for market.

The Fish Commission steamer Fish Hawk has been ordered south to continue the experiments which are being conducted in Biscayne Bay and on the shores of Sugarloaf Key. Ordinarily the cuttings are made from deformed sponges that have little market value, but they assume symmetrical shape during growth. Quiet water, a firm bottom, and the absence of muddy sediment are essential conditions. Enemies there are few to guard against, though some hermit-crabs are said to eat sponges.

Of course, the sponge of commerce is in reality only the skeleton of the sponge animal. The living creature is covered with a thin, slimy skin, perforated by numerous canals which run through it. Through these canals currents of water are constantly kept flowing

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by means of little hairlike appendages which line them, and in this way the minute organisms on which the sponge feeds are supplied A sponge combines both sexes, and the young are simply thrown out into the water. They swim about for a while, and after a few hours settle down, attaching themselves to some suitable surface and beginning to grow

It is a notable fact that the fishery for sponges is confined to a single State of the Union, Florida, though the product is more generally employed and has a wider range of usefulness than any other commercial article yielded by American waters. There is scarcely a civilized habitation in the country in which the sponge is not in daily use

It is a curious fact that the three most important American species—"sheepswool," "yellow" and "glove"—seem to be pretty much the same as the leading Mediterranean sponges, which go under the names of "horse," "bath" and "zimocca." Though for general purposes there is no better sponge than the Florida sheepswool, some of the foreign sponges, such as those used in surgical practice, are more delicate and bring much higher prices—occasionally as much as fifty dollars a pound

The possibility of transplanting to our own waters some of the best of the foreign sponges has been seriously suggested. It is thought that a small colony of them, properly cared for and used for propagation, might form a beginning from which a valuable industry could be developed. One difficulty in the way of this kind of submarine agriculture, if such a term may be applied to the planting and reaping of an animal crop, is that the sponge fishermen in Florida are much opposed to it They fear the absorption of the business by capitalists

Meanwhile, the Florida sponge fishery is being rapidly destroyed by overfishing and lack of protection. An incidental cause of trouble is the so-called "black water" which comes about once in a decade and destroys the sponges, causing immense numbers of them to float up to the surface of the sea Some think that this poisonous water is due to submarine volcanic disturbance, but the question is in dispute. In 1878 there was a plague of this kind so disastrous that all the sponging grounds from Cedar Keys southward to forty miles north of Key West were ruined

It is thought that sponges of fine varieties might be reared from the eggs by inclosing the mother sponges in suitable live boxes provided with windows of wire gauze sufficiently fine to allow the water to enter freely and yet to prevent the newly-hatched larvæ from getting out. The sides and bottom of such a box being covered with removable tiles, on which the larvæ could settle, the tiles might be taken out at intervals, together with the embryos attached to them, and thus unlimited quantities of young sponges of choice breed could be obtained

The Florida sponge fishery yields about [illegible] pounds of sponges every year. More than seven eighths of the business is carried on at Key West, where the sponges are prepared for market by permitting them to rot in the sun; then after being washed clean, they are sold at auction. The sheepswool sponge for most purposes, has no superior anywhere, being more durable than the best Mediterranean sponges, though somewhat coarser. It grows to good commercial size in one year

Chemistry in the Pig-Pen

Of growing importance in chemical science is electro-chemistry. Nowadays a great variety of things is produced by electrolysis which a few years ago could be obtained only with great difficulty. As an illustration, one may mention calcium carbide, from which acetylene gas is made. By the use of the electric current the particles composing a substance may be loosened and taken apart so as to assume new forms, and this is the principle of electrolysis. For instance, you may take common salt and by electrolysis decompose it into chlorine and sodium, which are useful in various arts. By the same means you may decompose water and get hydrogen. Nobody can say how wonderful a future may be opened up in the direction of electrolysis, inasmuch as this is so new a branch of chemical experimentation

Chemistry has shown the farmer how to put on the market a nine-months pig that weighs as much as an eighteen-months pig weighed twenty-five years ago. This is simply a question of balancing the food supplied, so that the requisite quantities of flesh forming and fuel-giving materials may be furnished

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In Soft, Rough Finish
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How Vaccination Protects Us From Smallpox

By Joseph McFarland, M. D.

Professor of Pathology
Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia

HAVING covered in a previous paper the theoretical aspects of vaccination, we are prepared to enter upon a brief consideration of the objections urged against vaccination by its opponents, the "anti-vaccinationists."

(1) *It is urged that vaccination does not protect against smallpox.* This is contrary to all the evidence that has been accumulated during one hundred years of careful observation and study, and contrary to the sentiment of the medical profession all over the world That it may not do so in certain cases may be easily explained. Failure of protection may occur in the exceptional cases already mentioned, in which vaccinia is followed by a very temporary immunity against smallpox, or indeed by no immunity at all. Or, failure may result from the fact that the vaccination was performed so imperfectly that no vaccinia succeeded it—a condition easily possible, should the operation be carelessly or hastily done, should an overzealous operator use an antiseptic by which the vaccine virus is destroyed, or should the vaccine virus employed fail to contain the essential germs of vaccinia

Considering that millions of persons are vaccinated annually, no thoughtful person could be surprised to learn of a considerable number of failures among them. Nor could any thoughtful person fail to see that it is not "*being vaccinated*" that protects against smallpox, but *acquiring vaccinia* that does so, and that, in cases in which vaccination is not followed by vaccinia, no immunity against smallpox is possible

That an occasional case of smallpox may occur in a well vaccinated community is, therefore, no argument against vaccination, and the fact that so few cases do occur is the best possible evidence of its efficiency in protecting the great majority of the people

Other Baseless Objections Answered

(2) *It is urged that vaccination produces a harmful disease in the vaccinated individual* and that in many cases perfect recovery never follows. That the vaccination produces a disease is certainly true, as it is for the production of this disease that it is performed; but that this disease is harmful is certainly not the case. We have already pointed out the modification of the germs of variola by their existence in the cow. It may be true, however, and reported cases seem to bear this out, that a few individuals are so susceptible to vaccinia that it causes, in them, an eruption over the whole body, characterized, however, by lesions more like those of cowpox than of smallpox. This disease, called *generalized vaccinia*, is very rare and is not contagious. Patients recover quickly and perfectly. However, should every case of vaccination result in a generalized vaccinia, vaccination would still be useful and far superior to the only other prophylactic inoculation measure as practiced in the eighteenth century, for it is a disease not contagious, and probably never fatal, while the smallpox resulting from inoculation is contagious and may be fatal.

(3) *It is urged that other diseases than vaccinia may be transmitted by vaccination.* This was a very valid argument many years ago, but at the present time is one deserving of very little attention. Under the filthy conditions, once quite common, it is not surprising that terrible results were frequent. The most frequent accident was the transmission of erysipelas, whose germs are commonly found in suppurating wounds, and, having been present in small numbers in some vaccination lesion, acquired greater virulence the next time they were introduced into a human body, and with each succeeding introduction acquired still greater virulence, until erysipelas, gangrene of the arm, and even death might follow their entrance into a vaccination wound. Other disease producing organisms were occasionally contained in the virus and sometimes occasioned chronic ulcers, abscesses and blood-poisoning. The transmission of tuberculosis has also

Editor's Note—This is the conclusion of a paper on this subject, the first part of which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of March 1.

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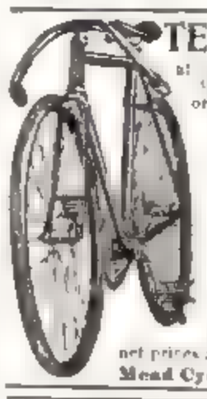

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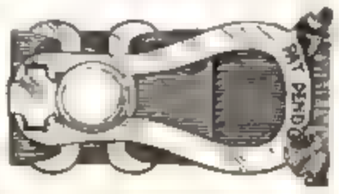

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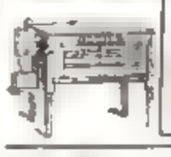

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been urged against vaccination, but if it ever occurred it must have been extremely rare. Under the present methods of manufacturing virus these dangers are completely eliminated. The vaccine virus is now taken from a calf known to be healthy, subsequently killed and examined to prove that it is healthy; the virus is mixed with glycerine in order that the comparatively few and harmless bacteria which it contains shall be destroyed and the vaccine organisms only be introduced into the vaccination wound. The purity of the virus has, therefore, much to do with the improvement in the conditions following vaccination at the present time, yet, notwithstanding the purity of the virus, serious effects may still succeed vaccination, *if external conditions are overlooked through neglect.* Vaccination is followed by the formation of a sore which, if not protected, may be the point of entrance of disease-producing bacteria, carried to it by the clothing, the fingers, or the water with which it is washed. Carelessness in the treatment of the vaccination sore may lead to misfortunes which have nothing whatever to do with vaccination itself. The exceptional cases in which seriously sore arms, erysipelas, lockjaw and other disastrous consequences succeed vaccination are in almost all cases accidents of this kind, depending upon the patient's carelessness or the doctor's neglect to give proper instructions concerning the treatment of the wound.

(4) *It is urged that compulsory vaccination is a trespass upon the inherent rights of the individual,* and while this argument trespasses upon a field that has nothing to do with vaccination itself, it will be apropos to point out that the advantages of vaccination for each person are increased by the protection of every person.

Safety Insured by Care

(5) *It is urged that modern sanitary precautions,* such as the isolation of all smallpox patients, followed by the immediate thorough disinfection of their habitations and of the patients themselves when dismissed from the hospitals, are sufficient explanations of the infrequency of smallpox at the present time. This argument is based upon a misconception of the nature of smallpox, which has nothing to do with unsanitary conditions. Smallpox affects the rich and poor alike; it occurs just as quickly in the modern sanitary and comfortable dwelling-house as it does in the filthy hut of the peasant. The very best argument that can be urged against this fallacy is, that at the present moment smallpox exists in our own modern and well-regulated cities, in the homes of the rich and middle classes as well as in the lodging-houses of the slums, and that in spite of the most energetic measures known to health officials the number of cases has increased.

From these facts we must arrive at the conclusion that vaccination is based upon strictly scientific principles, and that the phenomena attending it are in strict accordance with those of every other infectious disease; that vaccination produces immunity against smallpox; that some persons possess this immunity naturally and are, therefore, unaided by vaccination; that a few persons possess the natural immunity to vaccinia and cannot be vaccinated, but that the great majority of persons are susceptible to both diseases and can be vaccinated and repeatedly vaccinated, and are thereby protected against smallpox; that the occurrence of occasional accidents through the operation of vaccination is inevitable, but that such accidents are rare considering the total number of persons vaccinated, and that at the present time many of them are entirely inexcusable and depend upon the carelessness of the operator or patient.

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By Frank L. Stanton

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(Come to us all fer a spell),
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A never-ending feast of flavors as delicate as the flowers' fragrance, as delicious as the sun-kissed fruit

Made in many flavors. Each flavor sealed in a separate tin.

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The Improved Hartshorn Shade Roller has patent grips to hold shade, rendering tacks unnecessary.

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Always look for autograph signature of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Perfectly constructed on simple mechanical principles from best materials.

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The "Star" Satisfactory Range. Made of Steel and Malleable Iron. Will not crack, warp, nor break. Burns any kind of fuel. Saves its cost.

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FREIGHT PAID 400 MILES

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Special Introductory Size by mail, 10c, 3 for 25c

Agents wanted everywhere.

ZIMMERMAN FLYING MACHINE CO.
34 Wood St., Fremont, Ohio

The Great Gulf Stream Syndicate

By George Hibbard

(Concluded from Page 8)

George the truth—that the whole thing was a fake—that there was no Gulf Stream Syndicate. Nothing."

"It wasn't right, Jack. And," she laughed, "I'd rather be right than be President."

"The man who said that, you know, wasn't right when he said it," he replied grimly. "And he never was President."

"Well," she said, "it *wasn't* right. And I'd rather suffer and—and feel comfortable about it."

She laughed, and tried to make him laugh, but he would not or could not. For some time neither spoke.

"I don't know which way we can turn now," he said at length.

"Jack," she said, advancing and slipping her arm through his, "we've done the best we could and we've done what's right and something *will* happen. What's that?"

There was the sound of steps on the stair and in the hall.

"The fellow who lodges on the next floor," said Halleck impatiently. "I tell you that we are in the last ditch."

"Don't despair. There's no lane so long but that it has some turning. Hush! Some one is at the door."

"Nonsense," said Halleck.

He had hardly spoken when a distinct rap sounded from the thin panels.

"I knew it was some one," she exclaimed, "Come in!"

The door opened, and discovered a man standing on the threshold, with another a short distance behind him.

"Mr. Deane!" cried Halleck in amazement.

"You will forgive my intrusion," said the financier, advancing, "but I think this is the address that you gave me."

"Yes," replied Halleck shortly.

The financier, followed by Rowland White, advanced still farther into the room.

"Won't you sit down?" said Phoebe, indicating one of the two chairs as she retreated and leaned against the table.

"Thank you," Silas Deane replied as he seated himself. "And these," he continued, looking about curiously, "are the offices of the Gulf Stream Syndicate."

"I never expected to have the honor of a personal call," said Halleck hotly.

"Don't mind if I have a little fun about it," said the financier. "Really, you know, it has its points of humor, if you look at it in one way. And so Sir George has come to his senses again."

"Sir George sees some things at present in a different light," said Halleck shortly.

"I understand that you told him everything," continued the other placidly. "Of course, it's none of my business to inquire why. The effect, though, has been far-reaching. Still, the crisis has passed and what has happened has been a great thing for us. The Gulf Stream Syndicate has not lost its time; though—if you will allow me—judging from appearances, its affairs do not seem very flourishing."

"Wiped out and closed out," said Halleck briefly.

"Then," said the financier, "I am to understand that its promoter is open to new engagements?"

"If you mean me," said Halleck, "no man ever was more out of a job and down on his uppers."

"You might, then, be willing to accept a place in my office that I can offer you."

"Oh!" cried Phoebe, as she put out her hand toward her husband; "I knew it would come."

"A man," said the financier rising, "that can put through a scheme like this I can use and want. Beside, I liked your looks. Do I understand that you accept and will report for duty to-morrow?"

"I do," answered Halleck briefly.

"Then," said Silas Deane gravely, "as the Gulf Stream Syndicate has ceased to exist I should advise you to give up these offices at once."

"We will," said Phoebe; "we will give them up this very day! But—oh—the Gulf Stream Syndicate! It was funny while it lasted, Mr. Deane, and you must make Jack tell you all about it sometime."

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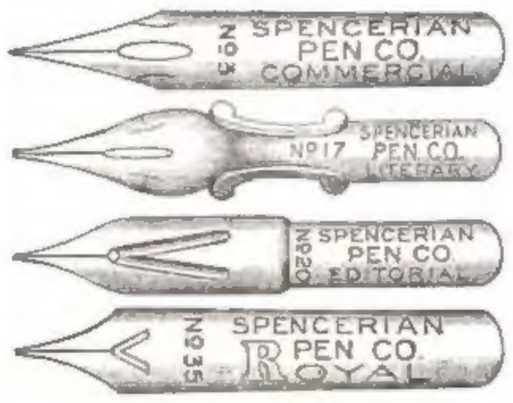
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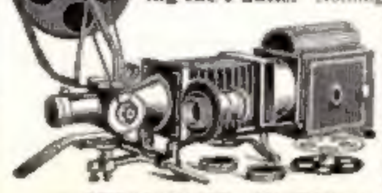

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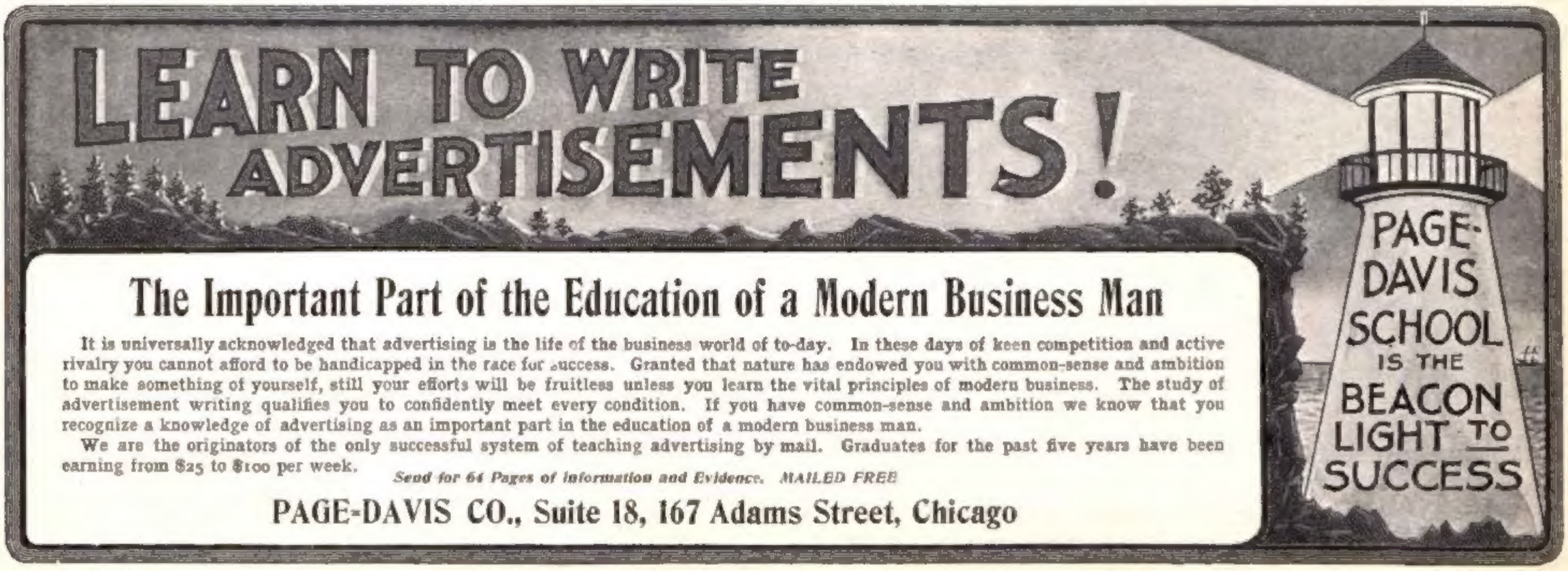

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